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# New Republic

## RUSSIA PREFERS DEWEY

By PERCY WINNER

## THE BOSS OF NASSAU COUNTY

PAGE 13

## COL. McCORMICK INVADES SCOTLAND

By THOMAS WHITESIDE

15¢

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# REMINDER

*(Courtesy Mother Nature)*

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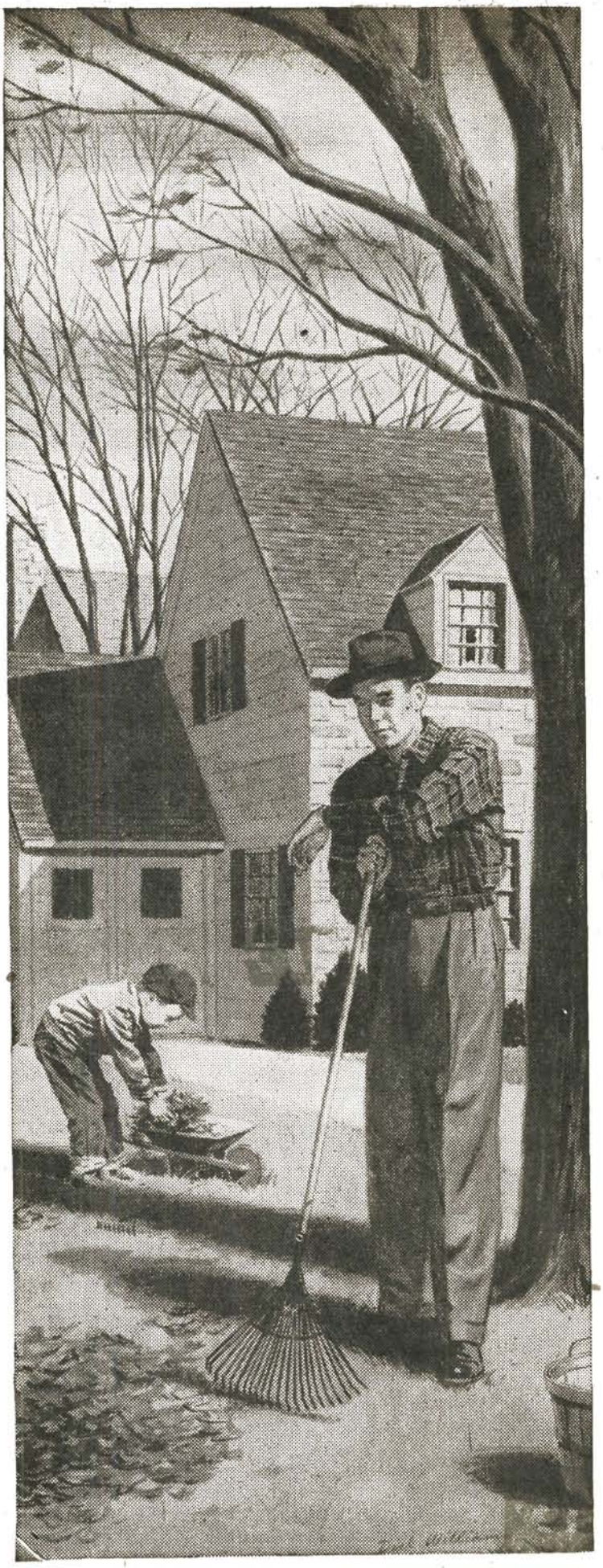

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# WASHINGTON WIRE

IN REGARD TO BERLIN the fat is on the stove. But it is not in the fire yet, in the opinion of Washington. And barring accident, it won't be—at least for a long time to come.

To be sure, the action taken in Paris last weekend was serious in the extreme. All effort at direct negotiation with the Russians has now been broken off. The issue has been taken to the United Nations Security Council. The United States has published a White Paper denouncing Russia in the strongest terms we have used regarding any nation—in peacetime—for many years. The British, the French, and at least one member of the United States delegation seem apprehensive that Secretary Marshall may be moving too far and too fast. But very few people here in the national capital think that the Russians want war at the present time; and they are very sure that the United States doesn't.

So the issue now goes to the Security Council. Its machinery will move ponderously, and in the end the Russians will use their veto, or take a walk, or perhaps both. Meanwhile, the Berlin situation is not likely to get much worse, if only because it can't, short of actual shooting. And the Russians are less likely to shoot now, when they have been formally put under indictment, than they were before this took place. The Berlin situation is full of dynamite, if I may be permitted to vary my figure, but the fuse has not been lit.

**Walter Lippmann,** in a recent striking article, suggested that Harry Truman is not really fulfilling the duties of a President of the United States. If he is, said Lippmann, how can he be off barnstorming politically while such great events are taking place in world capitals?

Lippmann is entitled to his own opinion of Truman, but as to this particular argument, it ain't necessarily so. The problems of a President are like those of any other important executive. Among his duties are planning, selecting subordinates to carry out those plans, and then letting his subordinates alone while they are in the process. Lippmann does not know—and we don't either—whether Truman did not plan, weeks ago, with Secretary Marshall what has been done at Paris, perhaps in the form of a series of alternative courses of conduct to be put into effect if this or that happened on the international scene. It is true that in the past there has been great confusion, inconsistency and contradiction in the foreign policy of the United States. But nearly all of it has arisen because the President acted without consulting his associates, and not the other way 'round.

**Elmo Roper,** the polling expert, has more or less resigned from his functions for the duration of the campaign. Dewey is so far out ahead, he says, that only a miracle can prevent his winning the election. If such a miracle takes place, Roper will see it coming and resume reporting at frequent intervals on the standing of the candidates. Until he sees that miracle approaching over the horizon, he will turn his energies to other matters.

In general, Roper is certainly right. Polls scientifically taken in March or April of any presidential year can call the turn for November with amazing accuracy. Theoretically, it is always possible for a candidate to make some dreadful slip and alienate all the wets or all the drys, all the vegetarians or those opposed to the wearing of hats. But such a slip is unlikely nowadays, when every candidate is surrounded by a battery of psychological experts and public-relations censors.

President Truman is of course trying single-handed, and against the ad-

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vice of most of his associates, to bring about a miraculous change in the minds of the voters. He is waging the toughest campaign he knows how, slamming away at Dewey (mostly by indirection), the Republicans in Congress, the Dixiecrats, and Wallace. He is trying to sound as far to the Left as Roosevelt ever was in his most leftish days. The effort is meeting with some success; Dr. Gallup, who has not joined Roper in retirement, reports that the Truman stock is rising throughout the country. But there are still no signs that it will have risen far enough by November 2 to make any significant difference.

For the miracle to work, President Truman would have to convince the nation that he really is wearing the Roosevelt mantle nowadays; and the trouble with this is that there are too many people who remember too many extremely un-Rooseveltian actions on Truman's part since he has been in the White House. The former New Dealers who support him will do so because they think the alternatives to him are still worse, and not because they have suddenly forgotten everything that has happened in the past three and a half years.

**While the President's** chances continue to look bad, the Democratic Party's chances to control the Senate are looking up. At present the Senate has 51 Republicans and 45 Democrats, which means that the Democrats need only four additional seats to give them one more than half. In the 32 contests this year, there are eleven states recognized by the most conservative as doubtful.

A survey by the New York *Times*, a paper no one would accuse of being too friendly to the Democrats, says that they are leading in six states, and the Republicans in only five. The *Times* reports that political experts in these states expect Democratic senatorial candidates to run far ahead of President Truman, while many Republican senatorial candidates will run far behind Governor Dewey. If anyone has said anything that is any rougher on Harry, I don't remember it.

*Washington* T. R. B.

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VOLUME 119, NUMBER 14, ISSUE 1766, NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER 4, 1948 **New Republic**

## THE WEEK

# Huey's Brother Has a Problem

*BATON ROUGE*

EARL LONG is trying valiantly to fight on both sides of the new Civil War at the same time. Both the Dixiecrats and the Trumanites can put considerable pressure on the Governor of Louisiana to see things their way, and he is getting the full treatment from each camp. Huey Long, who while he was alive had no love for his brother, doubtless would relish his would-be successor's predicament.

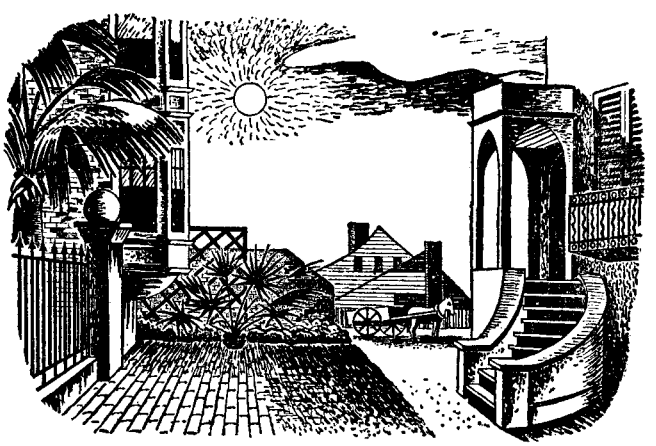
Several months ago Long visited the White House and made the President an unsolicited promise that Louisiana would take no part in the growing "States' Rights" revolt. Three weeks ago, the Democratic National Committee was shocked to learn that the Louisiana State Central Committee, of which Governor Long is a member, had removed the Truman-Barkley slate from the ballot.

**Today,** Governor Long is definitely the man in the middle. In response to howls from Washington, a special session of the state legislature has been summoned to amend the state election laws to permit the names of Truman-Barkley electors on the November ballot—but in a way that will be acceptable to the Dixiecrats, who threw the regular Democratic slate off the ballot in the first place. For Earl, who is blessed with neither his brother's charm nor his brains, it will be a herculean project.

Earl Long would like the head of the federal government to consider him a friend. There is a little matter of a case involving federal income taxes for the years 1939-40, when Long was serving as Lieutenant Governor and Governor, which so far has never been pressed. There are the "matching" funds for school luncheons, roads and pensions that Long so desperately needs from Washington if he is to deliver on his promises to the voters of Louisiana. And there is the continuing threat of federal investigation into alleged election "irregularities" in Louisiana, talked of even in the case of Russell Long's recent nomination as US Senator.

At the time Long pledged allegiance to Truman, however, he could not know he would have to bargain with his own legislature on some matters—or, even more important, that some of the most fluent check writers on his side of the Louisiana political fence would decide to take the Dixiecrat business very seriously.

When the going got rough in the legislature last June, Governor Long had to deal for votes on certain key parts of his program. One state senator from northern Louisiana, who also happened to be a member of the Democratic State Central Committee and a militant Dixiecrat as well, won in return for his legislative support the Governor's promise in writing not to interfere in the event of a Dixiecrat putsch to take over the regular Democratic Party machinery. The Governor's program was adopted. And when the Dixiecrats in the Democratic Central Committee took control to put Thurmond and Wright on the regular ballot in place of Truman and Barkley, Long was conveniently absent from the meeting and raised no objection later.



DRAWING BY HARRY DIX

**Long had had** additional advance notice of the coup. Leander Perez, W. H. Talbot and other powerful Long backers, including the principal financial angels of the machine, paid a special call on the Governor before the Central Committee meeting to warn him they were going through with their plan to take over the old party for the Dixiecrats. Not Truman's civil-rights program but his position on control of tidelands oil, in which Perez and Talbot are more than slightly interested, inspires this group's determination to lick the Administration.

The CIO, the AFL and the Railway Brotherhoods, all three of which had backed Long for election but are also backing Truman, descended on Long for explanations. The Governor said he would have his legislature change the laws so that the pro-Truman Democrats could qualify a set of "national Democratic" electors to represent them on the November ballot. Democratic National Chairman McGrath pointed out that under the proposal Truman and

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Barkley would be running as "Independents." In Louisiana, as in most of the Southern states, the vast majority still votes the column on the ballot that carries the picture of the rooster, the symbol of Southern Democratic Parties and of "white supremacy." Running under any other symbol, the Truman-Barkley ticket would stand no chance. Even more important, the national party, in going on the ballot by petition as an added starter, would be abdicating its rightful position to the Dixiecrats. To the objectors, Long replies that this is all he can do within the law.

**But he is still** gauging the pressures on him. No one doubts that he could oust the Dixiecrats from the party positions they have usurped if he wished, or that, if pushed hard enough, he would. If the national Democratic leaders lay off now and let him get away with his double-cross, however, Long will be in a good spot to consolidate for the future his present weak political position in the state.

He has "taxed and taxed, and spent and spent" since he came into office, but when it came to electing even Huey's boy Russell in the recent US Senate race, Earl Long didn't look so good. New Orleans wards which had never before failed to go for the Long organization went against Russell in that election, and rural parishes, where the Long machine has been accused in the past of "voting the muskrats," showed only small margins for Earl's candidates this time. The progressive young Mayor of New Orleans, DeLesseps Story ("Chep") Morrison, Long's hated enemy, has been gaining steadily in popularity, on the strength, among other things, of the growing resentment against Long's sales taxes.

The Long machine needs a new issue, a new approach, to survive another election. Earl Long's advisers tell him that Truman's civil-rights program is it. To date, for fear of reprisals from the party chiefs in Washington, the Governor has limited himself to saying that he is against the FEPC but has nothing to do with the Dixiecrat movement. If the pressure from the national party relaxes, Earl Long will be free to establish his rule over a prostrate Louisiana.

HELEN FULLER

## WOOING WESTERN LABOR

*BAKERSFIELD (NR correspondent)*

In California, the first industrial state he entered on his Western campaign trip, President Truman found the labor movement divided on political questions and worried about the Communist issue in the waterfront strike. A party of AFL leaders, including Jack Goldsberger, president of the San Francisco Labor Council, and Jack Hogg of the Building Trades, boarded Truman's train at Reno, Nevada, for the trip into California. Others got on at Sacramento. But CIO leaders in San Francisco, where the power of Harry Bridges is centered, stayed away.

The CIO split over Henry A. Wallace's Progressive Party apparently will cost Truman the state's 25 Electoral College votes unless there is a change before election day. Left-wingers were still defying orders to turn over Political Action Committee funds and records to the pro-Truman groups. Moreover, California's Governor Earl Warren, Republican vice-presidential nominee, has friends in the AFL Building Trades and in the Teamsters' Union controlled by Dave Beck.

In the first week of his campaign trip, Truman attacked the Taft-Hartley Act only once—at Pueblo, Colorado, where thousands of steel, mining and railroad workers greeted him. His main campaign theme was the Republican record on irrigation and power.

Mike Lavoda, regional CIO director, and George W. Brayfield, president of the AFL Colorado State Federation of Labor, sat at the speakers' table at a Denver luncheon after riding with Truman through eastern Colorado. At Salida, the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen gave flowers to Mrs. Truman.

In Utah, where the state legislature last year passed the Clegg-Vest law ("worse than Taft-Hartley"), leaders of virtually every union group, including independents, boarded the President's train and talked to Truman. Utah's Democratic Governor Herbert B. Maw is not loved by the AFL, but Fullmer H. Latter, local AFL president, joined Clarence L. Palmer of the CIO, Adrian Anderson of the United Mine Workers, Clyde M. Webber of the Independent Machinists and Leo M. Buck of the Railroad Brotherhoods in giving assurance of support to Truman.

### Congressional Quarterly

LAST WEEK'S *New Republic*, the special issue on the 80th Congress, analyzed the records of all congressmen on certain key issues. If readers wish to examine the complete records of their congressmen they should consult the files of the *Congressional Quarterly* in their local libraries. The *Quarterly* is a nonpartisan record of all bills and all votes in the 79th and 80th Congresses.

## DEMOCRATIC HOPES IN OHIO

*CLEVELAND (NR correspondent)*

Even if Dewey carries Ohio as he did in 1944, Ohio Democrats are optimistic about their chances of unseating Republican Governor Thomas Herbert and electing Frank J. Lausche, former Mayor of Cleveland.

The big plurality Dewey is expected to roll up would be hard for Democratic gubernatorial candidates to overcome in some states, but the voters of Ohio often split their ballots.

If Lausche does snatch victory from a national Democratic disaster, Ohio Democrats would salvage a good deal of valuable prestige, and their state, they feel, might become a "repository of democracy" during the resulting Republican years. Many Ohio Democrats think they have just the man to take advantage of the situation.

Fluent and aggressive, Lausche is a huge man with an open, sharply defined face that inspires confidence and respect. He is also a master campaigner with a record that includes election,

(Continued on page 8)

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# CHESTER BOWLES IN CONNECTICUT

*This is the second of a special series on critical battles of the 1948 election. If New Republic readers wish to contribute to Chester Bowles's campaign, contributions may be sent to the Bowles-for-Governor Club, Douglas Bennet, Treasurer, Essex, Connecticut.* — The Editors

HARTFORD (NR correspondent)

WITH HIS SHIRTSLEEVES rolled up, Chester Bowles is barnstorming through the picnic groves and meeting halls of Connecticut in one of the most vigorous campaigns for Governor that this conservative state has ever seen. For Bowles, a New Deal Democrat who was OPA Administrator and then Economic Stabilizer, this is the first try for public elective office and he is bringing to it the enthusiasm of a newcomer plus a wide experience in public life.

PRASCONI

A big, powerful man, Chester Bowles has a long-jawed, honest face that bespeaks the integrity he has always shown in his public jobs. And in campaigning, his informality and down-to-earth manner have been big assets.

That manner is disarming, as certain Senators discovered back in 1944 when Bowles, as OPA chief, charmed them into preserving the Price Control Act. Not until he had been in office for more than a year did the Senators discover that Bowles, for all his smoothness, would not compromise his fundamental belief in the necessity of controlling prices to prevent inflation and to protect the average citizens of America. Bowles stood firm then as he does now for price controls, an immediate housing program and many other liberal measures.

One result of his campaign already has been to reinvigorate the state's Democratic Party leaders all down through the ranks. Not even the most optimistic of them expects Harry Truman to carry Connecticut, but the energy and forcefulness shown by Bowles have given them new fight. And last week the withdrawal of the Progressive Party's candidate for Governor, Professor Thomas I. Emerson of Yale, raised their hopes that Bowles might make the grade even if the national ticket loses.

Though Bowles has declined to accept "the endorsement or support of any other party than the Democratic Party," he seems certain to profit from Emerson's withdrawal. The Progressive Party is expected to poll at least 40,000 votes in Connecticut, and these presumably will go to Bowles since a Progressive Party statement, while not endorsing him, acknowledges that he is the most liberal candidate left in the field.

Carefully steering clear of any Progressive Party affiliation, Bowles says, "I welcome the support of all individuals who sincerely agree with the principles for which I stand. Obviously this includes neither Communists nor reactionaries, with whom my disagreement is now well-established."

In getting the nomination, Bowles had vigorous support from the CIO, the Connecticut Federation of Labor and local chapters of Americans for Democratic Action.

**His campaign strategists** have decided that the national ticket is a major handicap Bowles has to beat—a tough obstacle since the state went Republican in 1946 by almost 100,000 out of 900,000 votes. As a result, Bowles has concentrated on state issues with such success that Republican leaders, despite their confidence in victory, have started to slug back. Bowles talks constantly about housing, evictions, high prices, the need for increased old-age assistance, liberalization of workmen's and unemployment compensation, and higher salaries for state employees. As an ex-advertising man, he knows how to adapt his old techniques to political campaigning. He puts heavy emphasis on radio, using one-minute spots on many stations and 15-minute interviews with ordinary citizens.

He has organized two groups he hopes will attract important segments of the voters, one a women's organization which emphasizes high prices, and the second a businessmen's group aiming to show that Bowles has the business and administrative experience to be Governor. Both are running ads in papers throughout the state hammering at their points and capitalizing on Bowles's OPA record with the slogan, "Bowles was right," about high prices.

This is expensive business—a statewide broadcast costs $650—and the Democratic campaign chest is far from full. Bowles is fighting a heavily financed Republican organization which has been "in" for years and has saved its strength for these last few weeks of the campaign. He managed, however, to get the jump on the Republicans, since the Democratic State Convention is held a month ahead of the Republican and he started campaigning immediately.

His Republican opponent is Governor James C. Shannon, a Bridgeport lawyer and former counsel for the Connecticut Federation of Labor, who was elected Lieutenant Governor in 1946 and succeeded to the governorship on the death of James L. McConaughy. Until two years ago, Shannon was completely unknown in politics and is the first man of Irish extraction ever to be nominated for Governor by the Republicans. But a tough machine is backing him.

The major Democratic hope is that President Truman's margin of defeat in the state can be held down to 50,000 votes or fewer. They figure that Bowles is now running at least 30,000 votes ahead of Truman and may increase that to 50,000 or 60,000 by November. Thus, if Truman's margin of loss is kept down, Bowles might squeak through, but he needs all the help he can get.

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(Continued from page 6)

usually with impressive majorities, to the Common Pleas Court in Cuyahoga County and as Mayor of Cleveland. When he was elected Governor in 1944 (the year Dewey carried Ohio), he broke long Republican domination of Ohio's state government. So far his only defeat has been at the hands of the incumbent Governor in 1946.

After that defeat, the rumor went around that Lausche was through with politics. At the last minute, however, he entered the primary for the governorship and was nominated by an amazing 200,000 majority over the Democratic organization candidate, Ray T. Miller of Cleveland.

**Like any other man** who has followed a positive course in politics, Lausche has acquired enemies: Both organized labor and the party organizations are unfriendly.

Lausche first aroused labor opposition when, as Mayor, he closed his door in the City Hall to labor leaders accustomed to finding a receptive ear in that office. Actually, Lausche closed it also to a lot of businessmen and industrialists. To top things off, he opposed paying building craftsmen employed by the city the rate of wages prevailing in private construction.

Then, too, Lausche always has been extremely reluctant to work with established political organizations, apparently considering the practical, day-to-day side of politicking undignified. Of course, this has only added to his magnetism for independent voters, but in every one of his campaigns it has led to divisions within the Democratic Party and to financial troubles. If Lausche were ever a vice-presidential candidate he would bring headaches to national party headquarters.

There is also the matter of his ancestry. Lausche is of Slovenian parents, which in the heterogeneous, nationality-minded neighborhoods of the industrial cities is a political asset. But such minority appeals have never been much help to candidates on a nation-wide basis.

Ohio Democrats feel, however, that all things considered, Frank Lausche is one of the brightest figures on a horizon that looks none too promising for most members of their party.

---

### COMPROMISE ON ISRAEL

The late Count Folke Bernadotte's final report to the UN General Assembly stated flatly that "a Jewish state called Israel exists in Palestine and there is no sound reason for assuming it will not continue to do so." Yet the report also suggested that formal UN recognition of Israel's legal existence should be conditioned on the new state's acceptance of serious sacrifices.

If the mediator had not been murdered, it might have been impossible for Israel to accept a reduction of her territory and the loss of Jerusalem. Her extremists would have waged civil war. But the tragedy at the foot of the Hill of Evil Counsel, in an area of Jerusalem at least nominally under Israeli control, has created a climate of opinion in which compromise may be possible.

Secretary Marshall has given full US support to the Bernadotte proposals and has called for Israel's admission to the UN. In his policy statement he set forth his goal as "a Palestine free from strife and the threat of strife, with both the Jews and the Arabs assured the peaceful development envisaged by the actions of the General Assembly and the Security Council." And for the first time the British have come out in favor of a plan looking to formal recognition of Israel.

Israeli spokesmen have expressed willingness to "explore" the proposals, though protesting against the projected surrender of Jerusalem and the Negev. And while Arab spokesmen, as usual, say the proposals are entirely unacceptable, there is reason to believe that King Abdullah of Transjordan may be willing to "explore" them.

Thus the UN has a real opportunity at last to bring peace to Palestine. The key to the situation is the American delegation to the Assembly, and the question is whether Secretary Marshall will stick to the all-or-nothing attitude toward the Bernadotte proposals or will take advantage of the chance for further debate and effective compromise. With such compromise at least conceivable, and with the UN unable at this stage to use force to impose a settlement, it would be a mistake not to "explore" the Bernadotte proposals.

## FORTY THOUSAND FRIGHTENED PEOPLE

**by Bruce Bliven**

*WASHINGTON*

THE SCIENTISTS are frightened. That is the chief conclusion to be drawn from a week's faithful, exhausting attendance at the centenary meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, where many of the nation's top experts expressed their views on dozens of subjects, either formally in public meetings (sometimes there were four or five going on simultaneously) or informally in those corridor conferences where, at all conventions, the juiciest information is imparted. The "Triple A-S," with 40,000 members, is the biggest and most influential organization of scientists in this country, or in the Western world. Its annual meeting is therefore the best possible place to take soundings on what is on their minds.

The scientists, if the many hundreds who were present in Washington are a fair sample of the total membership, are frightened about various things at various levels. Most immediate and obvious is the shock and alarm they feel about the hostility with which they are now regarded in government circles. Practically all of them are in favor of preventing technicians who happen to be Communists from having access to important, secret military information; what worries them is the clumsiness and stupidity with which the screening process is operated and particularly, the denial of the elementary rules of Anglo-Saxon justice by such a group

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as the House Un-American Activities Committee.

The scientists know, better than anybody else, how completely military defense in the modern world depends upon the rapid development of new weapons, and that these new weapons, nowadays, are born in the laboratory. They fear that the pace of our scientific advancement in a military sense is slowing down because some of the most fertile scientific minds refuse to submit themselves to the Gestapo atmosphere which now surrounds all federal employees. President Truman summed it up well when he said, at one of the meetings of the AAAS:

> Continuous research by our best scientists is the key to American scientific leadership and true national security. This indispensable work may be made impossible by the creation of an atmosphere in which no man feels safe against the public airing of unfounded rumors, gossip and vilification.
>
> Such an atmosphere is un-American, the most un-American thing we have to contend with today. It is the climate of a totalitarian country in which scientists are expected to change their theories to match changes in the police state's propaganda line.

And David Lilienthal, speaking at another meeting, was even more explicit:

> There is a disturbing situation that threatens the success of the atomic-energy enterprise of this country.
>
> The fact can be simply stated: it is the increasing unwillingness of specially qualified (and badly needed) scientists, engineers and management experts to engage in work for the government of the United States.
>
> This is a dangerous situation. . . . Service [for the government] has now taken on an extra, an added unattractiveness, an added disability: the risk of undeserved injury to a man's good name, his professional standing and his peace of mind, through anonymous vilification, through attacks from what may be petty or prejudiced or malevolent sources.

A second basis for the scientists' fear is that they know, better than any layman can, what will be the character of a future war if, as is probable, atomic, bacteriological and chemical weapons are used. There was plenty of

evidence, at the AAAS meeting, that they are alarmed largely for the reason that they have been unable to get the mass of the population to realize what such a war would mean, and to support intelligent action about it.

**Much was heard,** at the meeting, about a third basis for fear: the problem of increasing world population and limited world resources, particularly food. Fairfield Osborn, president of the New York Zoölogical Society and author of the recent book, *Our Plundered Planet*, pointed out that in three centuries the world's population has increased from 400 million to 2.2 billion. At the present rate it would double again in 70 years, and is almost sure to be at least three billion by the year 2000. We need 2.5 acres of arable land per person for a minimum diet—and we have only two acres now.

To be sure, this simple formula overlooks many factors which should be put into the other side of the scale. Worldwide population does not increase indefinitely at a uniform rate, but levels off at a ceiling of severe overcrowding in each of the great land masses. The advance of industrialization slows down the reproduction rate. There are vast, almost untouched, food resources in the ocean. A vegetarian diet requires only one-seventh of the land needed for the same number of meat eaters. Synthetic foods from specially grown yeasts, or from waste products such as sawdust, hold out high possibilities. And so on. Yet the essential argument remains true that world population is pressing upon world resources as never before, and that we are using up our means of livelihood, and most of all, our soil, at a terrifying rate. As Osborn commented:

> We are bouncing radar beams off the moon at a time when we are gradually reducing our own world to the condition of sterility of that romantic planet.

And Professor Stanley A. Cain, of the Cranbrook Institute of Science, added:

> Men everywhere must face squarely the dual problems of the conservation of natural resources and the limitation of population, or continue along the path, with an accelerating rate, toward self-destruction.

Behind all these fears looms another, which was stated in guarded terms by more than one speaker at the AAAS. It is whether the organized *intelligence of mankind, at its present* level of intellectual and emotional maturity, can prevent the man-made disasters of war and famine which now seem to impend. Of man's ultimate ability to solve his problems, most of the scientists seem to have little doubt. The question is whether the drift toward catastrophe is too swift to be stopped. Said Lewis Mumford:

> At the moment we have achieved the technical means of a universal society, a large part of the world has relapsed into tribalism and isolationism.

**For generations,** the social sciences have had an inferiority complex in relation to the physical sciences, with their array of mathematical and statistical data, their experiments which could be verified by anyone possessing the necessary materials and, above all, the almost immediate worldwide application of new inventions and discoveries in such fields as physics, chemistry, electronics and medicine. While the physical scientists have been remaking our world with electric power, the automobile, the airplane and radio, the social scientists, who have made enormous strides in mastering the secrets of the human personality, have been forced, for the most part, to see their results remain within the walls of their own laboratories or be recorded in textbooks read chiefly by members of their own group.

A few psychiatrists have used their

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new knowledge in rectifying the more obvious and patently crippling personality defects; but on the larger stage of government and international relations any application of the new knowledge is painfully absent. Life-and-death decisions for the masses of mankind continue to be made for them by leaders who are, in the majority of cases, "emotionally crippled," who suffer from past or present fears, insecurities, or even deeper and more baffling emotional problems, until they are incapable of acting with a wise, tolerant, intellectual maturity.

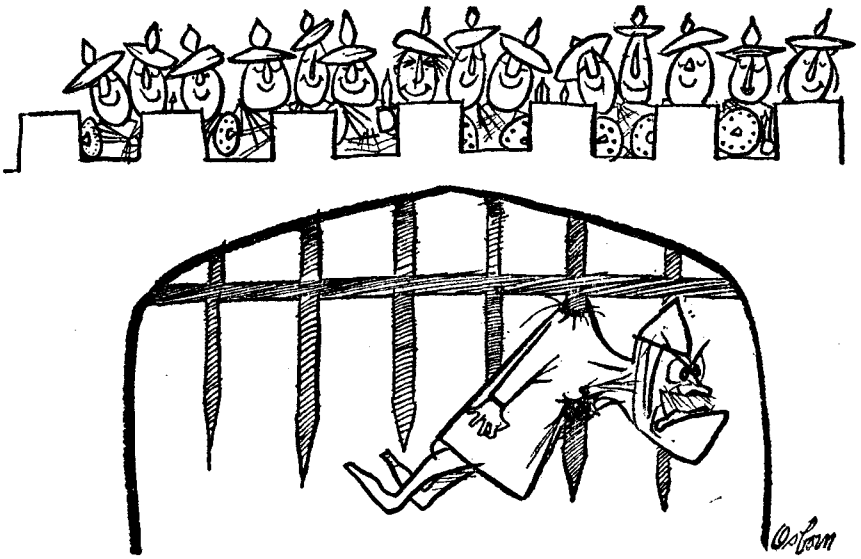
Today, the social scientists are getting over their inferiority complex because they see how desperately the world needs their aid. The situation was summed up by Dr. Kenneth E. Appel of the University of Pennsylvania Medical School:

> Nations are like children or adolescents, or men in the early stages of social organization, like the pioneer and frontier days, in their international relations now. They have been catapulted into contact and adulthood. They know only the psychology of pioneer individualism and the institution of nationalistic sovereignty, to deal with these new conditions. And of course, the nations are showing childish impatience, fear, suspicion, distrust and hostility.

The scientists are fearful, but not defeatist or despairing. The theme of the conference was "the one world of science," and many evidences were offered of the fact that science is supernational, that it rises above jingoistic patriotism and seeks to serve all men, everywhere, in common terms. The conference was evidence that the scientists have in truth come down out of their ivory towers and are prepared to work at every level, including the political, for the preservation of mankind.

For the long range, as I have said, they are optimistic; they feel that if what is already known could be universally applied, most of the world's troubles would be over. Some day—and certainly within the next century—that application will be made. It is getting around the dangerous corners just ahead that worries the scientists now.

# WATCH THE PORTCULLIS, COLONEL



**by Thomas Whiteside**

"COLONEL MCCORMICK'S in Edinburgh," my wife remarked to me cheerfully the other morning over her copy of the New York *Daily News*. She might as well have said, "Birnam Wood's in Dunsinane."

I had feared some such extraordinary intelligence ever since the Colonel, martial publisher of the Chicago *Tribune,* demanded a few months ago in a newspaper interview that the United States annex Scotland as the forty-ninth state of the Union in return for lend-lease help supplied Britain during the war. For Edinburgh is only 60 miles from Berwick-upon-Tweed, the English border town where I was born and brought up.

I'm alarmed about Berwick. The Colonel is not a man to travel all the way from the Tribune Tower into Scotland merely to slaughter a few grouse. I guess he means to carry out his threat.

Personally, I'm not too much worried over the fate of Scotland, but Berwick-upon-Tweed is another matter. If the flagmakers sew the Thistle on Old Glory, will Scotland be enough for the Colonel's appetite? Having a forty-ninth state to his credit, wouldn't he just naturally try for a half-century? After Scotland, what?

Undoubtedly the most obvious target of all is Berwick-upon-Tweed, my home town. Berwick, which stands on the borders between England and Scotland, has been fought over, burned, beaten, sacked, taken and retaken for so many centuries by Picts, Scots, Danes and Anglo-Saxons that it has emerged out of sheer political necessity and a treaty between Edward VI and Mary, Queen of Scots, as a free borough, a county in itself, and in effect a buffer state. And you know what happens to buffer states these days. The old walled town of Berwick, standing aloof and alone, could be today a ripe plum for a band of modern invaders. Terrifying vistas indeed may be conjured up of Colonel McCormick's fierce bands of border raiders, swooping down upon Berwick on Highland ponies, their rude clothing overlaid with cutlasses, meal bags and frying pans.

On the face of it, there's little to stop them. But before it is too late, I should like to point out to the Colonel,

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in a friendly way, a few of the hazards of Berwick which I hope may stay his spurs.

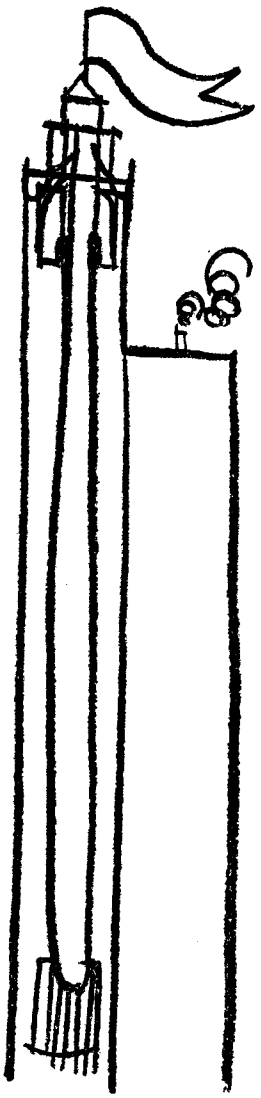
**Although** the English maintain that Berwick belongs south of the border, since in the last century they managed to place it for voting purposes in the English county of Northumberland, the Scots also claim it to be part of Scotland, for they consider its site—the north side of the River Tweed on the east coast—as Scottish soil. (This confusion nearly resulted in my being barred from American soil, years ago. I entered the US with my brother, also born in Berwick, and something about our appearance caused immigration men to take us away and grill us thoroughly in separate rooms. When my brother told his inquisitors that he was born in Scotland and I told mine that I was born in England, the immigration people became so suspicious that they almost sent us back where we came from for making false declarations.) In short, Berwick has been Scottish and English in turn for many a year. Any army worth its salt would travel enormous distances to take a whack at invading such a disputed prize.

As far as I can make out, the fashion seems to have been set in the year 84 A. D. by Agricola, whose soldiers were so impressed with the Tweed that they threw their arms to the ground, crying, "Behold the Tiber!" and occupied the town in a mood of great nostalgia. Thereafter, from Hubba the Dane, in 867, to Sir Marmaduke Langdale, the Englishman, in 1648, all rallied their armed might against Berwick almost without pause, and more invaders would probably have followed them if the plague (1665) hadn't kept them away.

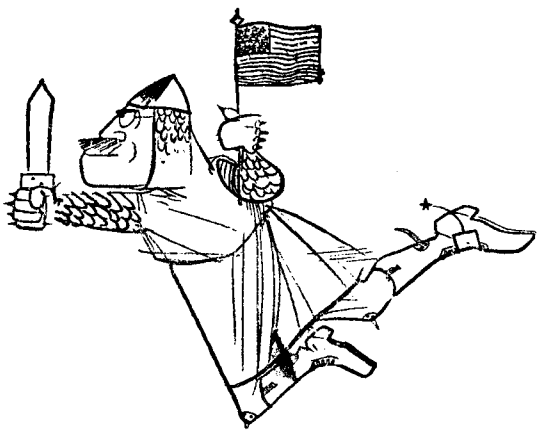
In three centuries alone, Berwick changed hands thirteen times. King Gregory the Great took it with "great glee." The English regained it for ransom by kidnaping William the Lion of Scotland. (King Richard later resold it to the Scots to raise cash for a crusade he had in mind, but after the deal was concluded and the money safely in his pocket, his brother John seized Berwick back from the Scots, and being unable to keep it, had Berwickers hung up by their thumbs and big toes and then burned the town to the ground.)

Edward I also became infected with the pastime of taking Berwick. Assaulting the place with a "grate host," he became so infuriated at the townspeople who gathered defiantly at the battlements to jeer, "Ya, Longshanks!"—Edward was extremely sensitive about his long legs—that he massacred most of the population. "The streets of Berwick," it has been said, "ran with blood seven times in one and the same day. . . . The millwheels of the town could have been turned by the torrents of gore flowing down to the Tweed." After some time the strain began to tell on Berwick, which in the thirteenth century had been considered "a city so populous and of such trade that it might justly be called another Alexandria." "Cries of poverty were distinctly heard from the inhabitants" in 1357, two years after the Scots had burned it to the ground again before being ejected by the English.

But if the invaders wrecked Berwick, some of them also built up its defenses. Edward I, who intended to take no chances with his conquest, had the place protected by a great wall and moat, and Queen Elizabeth, who considered Berwick "the key to our Realm," added strong sea ramparts of her own, which still stand ready to repel invaders from land and sea. Should some modern conqueror develop too acquisitive a notion, he won't find those old sea walls easy to storm. They are wickedly constructed according to the Italian bastion-and-curtain system, with formidable flankers and casemates.



I have no idea what kind of fleet Colonel McCormick might be able to muster against Berwick, unless the considerable number of newsprint boats he owns could be refitted for LST's and landing barges and redeployed from the Chicago River. Whatever bottoms he might use, however, would certainly meet with an unexpectedly warm reception from the numbers of cannon mounted menacingly on Berwick's Elizabethan ramparts. These cannon, although ancient, are of large enough bore to command the respect even of a modern strategist like the



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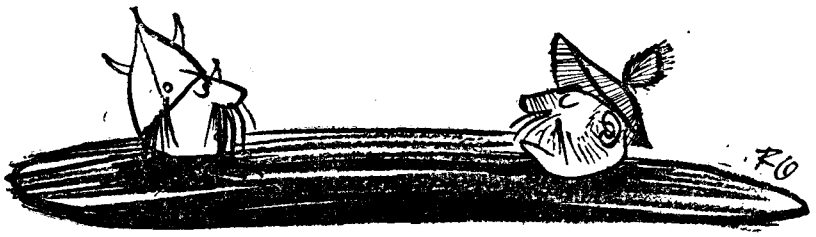

DRAWINGS BY R. OSBORN

Colonel, who claims to have introduced the Maxim Gun, the automatic rifle, and mechanization generally, into the United States Army. The Berwick cannon are nicknamed "murderers."

Invasion by land through the only westerly town entrance—the Scots Gate—would be no easier. Berwick's twelfth-century friars, abbots and ffoitmen, who generally knew a thing or two about earthly matters, didn't for nothing have a poem in praise of their "portcullis, most subtelie to fall." My private opinion is that invasion by the Scots Gate would be a waste of life and limb.

One may concede that Berwick is lacking in some of the amenities of modern defense. It possesses no atom-bomb shelter such as graces the basement of the Tribune Tower. It has no means of egress comparable to that of the *Tribune* staff, who, according to their chief, can make a quick getaway "thru the Chicago frate tunnel." There are no frate tunnels in Berwick. The citizens will have to fight it out at the ramparts without even the pineapple juice which the Colonel has on hand in *his* shelter to soothe burns caused by radioactivity. Due to the rationing situation, there isn't a drop of pineapple juice to be obtained in Berwick today. But anointed or not, its defenders will swing their claymores until their hair falls out.

Quite apart from the military dangers involved in attempting to subdue Berwick, any modern band of intruders would also find itself in the middle of a legal hornet's nest. Should Colonel McCormick consider making such an attempt, he would instantly pose some very delicate problems involving the juridical position of Berwick-upon-Tweed in international law. I won't throw in the Colonel's face the Counties and Cities Act, 1798 (c. 52), Vol. 4; the Municipal Corporation Act, 1882 (c. 50), S. 188, sched. 6, pp. 636-664 *post*; or even the local Government Act, 1929 (lc. 17), S. 65, pp. 927 *post*, but instead will get down to the main point: Berwick has been in a state of war with Russia, technically at any rate, for the past 96 years.

**This bellicosity** resulted from a mix-up by Queen Victoria, for, in entering the Crimean War in 1854, she recognized the special position of Berwick in accordance with precedent by signing the declaration of war "Victoria, Queen of Great Britain, Ireland, Berwick-upon-Tweed and the Dominions Beyond the Seas." But when the diplomats signed the treaty of peace with Russia two years later, they forgot all about Berwick. The town has technically remained at war with Russia ever since. Some Foreign Office officials attempted to cover up this irregularity by insisting that the Wales and Berwick Act, passed in 1746, automatically included Berwick in any diplomatic declarations, and that Queen Victoria should never have declared war specifically for Berwick at all. Since this explanation virtually suggested that Queen Victoria committed an illegal act, it is regarded in Berwick as an act of *lèse majesté* on the part of the Foreign Office.

At any rate, ever since the Queen's all-out gesture, Berwick people have continued to take a dim view of the Russians. Once, in the thirties, a Russian merchant ship, off her course near Berwick, hove to near a Berwick fishing skiff to confirm her position. The captain was promptly informed that he had entered hostile waters. "Awa' wi' ye, ye furry fools!" cried an old Berwick fisherman in the skiff to the captain of the enemy vessel. "This isna' Moscow, this is Berwick. We're at war wi' Russia here."

I notice that in the Chicago *Tribune* Colonel McCormick is very severe on the subject of entangling alliances. I think he'll find himself in the tangle of his life if he threatens the sovereignty of Berwick-upon-Tweed. And I'll thank him not to forget what happened to others who dared to tamper with Berwick's affairs, like the famous William Wallace or the Duchess of Buchan. William Wallace laid siege to Berwick until the town was relieved "by a great body of foot and horse." When Wallace was finally caught, Edward I had the Scotsman's right arm fixed on a spear and sent to decorate Berwick Bridge. The Duchess of Buchan, who endangered Berwick—then in English hands—only implicitly by crowning Robert the Bruce king at Scone, was jammed into a wooden cage outside Berwick Castle and kept there, nearly starving, exposed to the taunts of passersby, for six years.

Berwickers, although in every other respect the kindest people in the world, are very stubborn about invasions. A couple of months ago, when I made a brief visit to Berwick, I happened to mention to Mr. Carmichael, the Mayor, something of Colonel McCormick's campaign to take over Scotland. The Mayor grunted, looked at me sternly, and said, "There'll be nane o' that." Currently, this is how things stand. Scotland, maybe; Berwick-upon-Tweed, frankly no.

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# DEWEY'S NASSAU COUNTY BOSS

*Russ Sprague, who made a dominant GOP machine out of a county organization, is the power behind the Republican candidate*

**by John Gardner**

"NO MAN LIVING," said Ed Neary, the district attorney of Nassau County, New York, in a speech in 1943, "will exert so much influence on the election of the next President as Russ Sprague."

J. Russel (one "l") Sprague was and still is boss of the most Republican county of the United States. What Neary said was a truism in Nassau; elsewhere, even those Americans who had heard of Sprague still thought Roosevelt, Willkie, Sidney Hillman and several dozen others would outweigh a suburban satrap of Tom Dewey's. But Neary was right. Political professionals who watched Sprague bag the Republican nomination twice in a row for Thomas E. Dewey can vouch for that.

Most Americans still have not heard of Sprague. He loathes the limelight. Since 1936, when he acceded to power in Nassau, this quiet operator has created something new in America: a decorous and efficient political machine. Single-mindedly, Sprague has husbanded Nassau's power for the purpose of electing Dewey to the presidency. In the process, he has gained effective control of New York State and important influence in Republican affairs nationally.

Locally, Sprague has promised to deliver a 150,000 plurality for Dewey this November. The figure is impressive. Hoover won New York State in 1928 by less than 110,000. Before Sprague took over, the Republican margin of victory in Nassau County was about 10,000.

The money power behind the Sprague machine is even more impressive than its voting strength. This raw force of cash was blatantly present at the Republican convention this year. Helen Fuller reported in the *New Republic* that "Winthrop Aldrich, of Rockefeller's Chase National Bank, sat in a specially built loge seat on the speakers' platform . . ." and "Harold Talbott, Chrysler executive, sat in on all the main strategy meetings . . . to protect the investors' rights in Dewey. . . ."

Talbott and Aldrich both live in Nassau County. They are but one brace of the bankers and industrialists who play country gentleman on Long Island estates and find expression in Republican politics through the agency of the Sprague machine. The Directory of Directors is jammed with the names of Nassau Republicans. Gossip columnists in the local papers already have tagged Talbott for the post of Ambassador to England, and Aldrich has been widely mentioned for Secretary of the Treasury.

**The Sprague machine** is itself a rich source of Dewey funds. During the 1946 gubernatorial election, it raised more than $80,000 in a house-to-house canvass of Republican voters. The dozen candidates for local office in this election filed campaign-contribution statements listing not one cent for contributions, and expenditures only of sums ranging from $5 to $100—as gifts to the county campaign committee.

The Sprague machine doesn't have to spend money on local elections. It has been able to use its cash in building up Dewey. This has been Sprague's chief purpose since Dewey began eyeing Albany, in 1936.

Sprague's significant role at the 1948 Republican convention was hinted at, but never fully described, by correspondents. *Time* and *Life* carried his photo, and *Time* identified him as one of "three of New York's smartest politicians." The others were Herbert Brownell, Dewey's 1944 Republican chairman, and Edwin F. Jaeckle, Buffalo GOP boss since 1935. This was the team that put Dewey across in 1944 and 1948; in 1940 Sprague played a lone hand for Dewey at the convention, and ran into the Willkie phenomenon.

Sprague never forgave Kenneth Simpson for espousing Willkie's candidacy. The Nassau County boss became a member of the Republican National Committee in 1940, taking Simpson's seat. He has held the post ever since.

**The remarkable** mushrooming of the Sprague machine pushed Jaeckle out of the New York State Republican chairmanship in 1944. A threatened split in the state leadership was mended by Dewey before the 1946 election, but Jaeckle did not regain the chairmanship.

Brownell, general counsel for the American Hotel Association and vice-chairman of the World Trade Corporation, is intelligent and personable. He is a good front man; but as he has no votes in his pocket he is less indispensable than Jaeckle or Sprague.

The extent of Sprague's power can be measured by the fact that his Representative, Leonard W. Hall, holds the vital post of chairman of the Republican National Congressional Campaign Committee. Hall, who is winding up his fifth term, has a voting record which is both isolationist and reactionary. He has gained reputation locally as a foe of the OPA and a lecturer on the horrors of Buchenwald.

Hall's control of the Republican purse in all congressional elections was the principal bargaining item in Dewey's legendary ability to influence the obviously unwilling delegates to the Republican convention. Hall assumed the powerful party job in March, 1947, over the prone body of Charles Halleck of Indiana. Halleck

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*John Gardner is a free-lance writer who was formerly on the staff of Newsday, a local newspaper in Nassau County. He has also worked in the Newark office of the Associated Press.*

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was later consoled with the House majority leadership.

After Dewey's nomination, both Hall and Sprague repaired to Washington for the special session of Congress, during which they were identified in an AP dispatch as Brownell's "chief assistants" in liaison between the candidate and Congress.

Sprague said in a post-convention statement published locally that he would refuse to serve in Dewey's cabinet. For years the Nassau County boss has denied that he had any ambition to hold national office. He'll be satisfied, he says, to operate behind the scenes when Dewey is President. If Dewey wins, there is no doubt that Sprague will supervise the entrenchment of the first Republican federal administration since Hoover. He may even become the new Postmaster General.

**Nassau County,** Sprague's bailiwick and the wellspring of Dewey's power, is 300 square miles of suburban Long Island. It is the fastest-growing suburb in the world; it has more than quintupled in population in the past four decades. More than 500,000 persons live there, and at least one-fifth of its residents are commuters. The influx of this normally Republican economic group provided an ideal patronage setup for a political machine. In a short period of time, government functions were multiplied enormously. The complexity of Nassau's municipal system is unequaled. There are eight or ten times as many "autonomous" units of local government as there are movie theatres in the county.

Nassau was just another upstate county politically until Sprague took over, in 1936. Control was diffused among half a dozen Republican leaders, who did more infighting than electioneering. Sprague's accession to absolute local control is reflected in the number of Republican votes his machine has managed to turn out whenever New York goes to the polls to elect a Governor.

| PRE-SPRAGUE | 1928 | 1930 | 1932 | 1934 |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Democrat | 45,036 | 34,534 | 64,578 | 52,084 |
| Republican | 64,924 | 41,604 | 75,959 | 61,481 |
| Total vote* | 114,780 | 81,453 | 147,487 | 120,978 |
| **POST-SPRAGUE** | **1936** | **1938** | **1942** | **1946** |
| Democrat | 65,933 | 45,097 | 36,732 | 35,272 |
| Republican | 100,949 | 107,558 | 109,980 | 152,506 |
| Total vote* | 174,933 | 159,143 | 153,373 | 193,166 |

* Includes splinter parties.

The minority parties are a negligible quantity in Nassau. The combined ALP-Liberal Party vote for Mead in 1946 was 5,297. Organized labor is neither cohesive nor potent in the county.

Nassau's Democrats have lost strength as the Republicans gained votes. This trend has occurred during a period when the population of the county more than doubled. In presidential elections since 1932, the Democratic candidate consistently has polled about 75,000 votes, and René A. Carreau, Democratic chairman in Nassau, expects Truman to get that many this year. If Sprague's prediction of a 150,000 plurality for Dewey comes true—and Sprague is not a boastful man—it means that 107,000 persons who did not vote in 1946 will turn out in November. What's more, it means that Sprague is sure his machine can get them out.

The Democratic Party in Nassau has a record of failure and crude self-interest. Several former Democratic leaders now are members of the Sprague machine's officialdom. The organization has been plagued with a lack of patronage, of cash and of leadership, but new forces are apparent this year.

Congressional candidate Richard T. Mayes is showing signs of putting on an active campaign. His manager is Luke A. Mercadante, Mayor of Glen Cove, a veteran who amazed the county a year ago by defeating the machine candidate. He did it by ringing every doorbell in Glen Cove.

**Sprague came to power** in Nassau in 1936, prepared to force reorganization of the county government. A new administrative code, tailored to his needs, was okayed in 1936 by the state legislature and the voters, and went into effect in 1938. It is a unique instrument.

The Nassau County Charter provides for an elected chief executive—a post Sprague has always held—and greater concentration of power in the local government than in any other American county. Under the charter, county authority supersedes village and township jurisdiction in virtually every municipal function without, in most cases, eliminating local offices or local jobs. Village politicians hate it, and in private call it an invasion of Home Rule. Certainly it is an effective way to keep the boys in line.

Among other things, it gives the executive unlimited investigative and disciplinary powers. Without a by-your-leave, Sprague can appoint a "commissioner of accounts" of his own choosing to ferret into any county department. This private eye reports only to Sprague, who has the power to fire any county appointee.

During the war, big-time gamblers operated heavily in Nassau, under police protection. The first public hint

DRAWING BY DOUG ANDERSON

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of the scandal came when Sprague himself broke it open. The investigation occurred shortly after District Attorney Neary resigned his office to take on the job of State Administrator of Veterans' Affairs.

**James N. Gehrig,** appointed by Dewey as Neary's successor, conducted a lengthy investigation of the whole affair, one result of which was the trial of Harold R. King, Nassau County Inspector of Police in charge of the detective force, on charges of conspiracy. King was acquitted.

King is now in charge of private police at Roosevelt Raceway, the highly successful harness-racing track at Westbury. At the time of King's trial, Sprague owned a two-fifths interest in one of two associations which shared the summer season at the raceway. He gave up his holdings in 1946, after a local newspaper discovered that he was one of the owners. Sprague said at the time that he had not realized he could be criticized for this investment.

Albert DeMeo, a member of Neary's staff, was called down by the Nassau County Grand Jury in the gambling investigation. In a presentment, the jury declared it was not indicting him solely because it lacked corroborative evidence for whatever it thought he had done. DeMeo, at that time a director of the Old Country Trotting Association, resigned and left the county.

Martin W. Littleton, onetime Nassau County district attorney and former law partner of George Morton Levy, a director of the Old Country Trotting Association, was King's defense lawyer. In a brilliant courtroom performance, he discredited the lone state's witness against King, and wrapped the case up.

Following King's acquittal, both Littleton and DeMeo went to Maywood, Illinois, where a harness-racing track for Chicago was being set up. Some of the directors of the Roosevelt Raceway setup were financially interested in the Maywood Park track. Littleton became attorney for the Illinois venture; DeMeo was given the track concessions.

By a coincidence, former District Attorney Neary has now associated himself in the law business with Levy in Nassau County. Levy is known as one of the smartest lawyers in this part of the country. He defended Lucky Luciano. He is reputed to be an unofficial adviser to Sprague.

In answer to questions based on common gossip that political considerations affect the operation of Roosevelt Raceway, Levy told me:

"It is ridiculous to say there is any politics in this track. We operate this track to put on races. We do a good job of it. Efficiency is our standard, not politics."

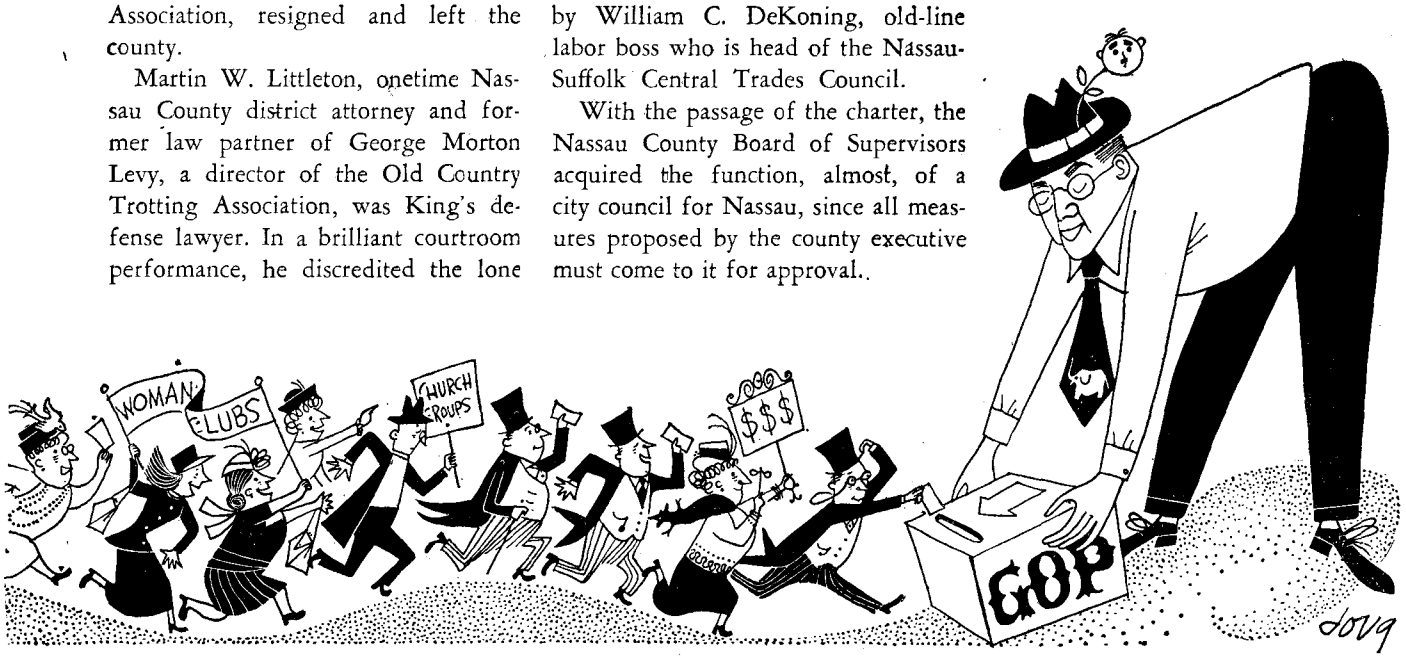
Sprague-machine opponents charge that the raceway is a political-patronage mill, but Levy asserts that the track's 850 employees are members of AFL unions, and that the track management hires only those union men furnished by the AFL. In Nassau County, the AFL is tightly controlled by William C. DeKoning, old-line labor boss who is head of the Nassau-Suffolk Central Trades Council.

With the passage of the charter, the Nassau County Board of Supervisors acquired the function, almost, of a city council for Nassau, since all measures proposed by the county executive must come to it for approval.

Votes of the six supervisors are weighted according to the population at the last census of the three towns and two cities they represent. The board as a whole casts 30 votes. Eighteen of them are divided between two supervisors from the town of Hempstead, where the Democratic minority has made no inroad since Bull Moose days. The solidly Republican townships of Oyster Bay and North Hempstead possess 10 votes between them. The cities of Glen Cove and Long Beach, which occasionally produce a Democratic supervisor, have one vote apiece.

Inasmuch as there exists no means of opposing the Republican majority on the board except by capturing the town of Hempstead, Democratic supervisors have the choice of riding along or playing a sorehead role. Since the charter went into effect in 1938, fewer than ten "nay" votes have been cast on all matters that came before the board. The present mayor of Glen Cove has cast five of them.

**Controversy,** which makes of the normal city council a forum in which issues are thrashed out, is absent from the public deliberations of the county board. Rules of procedure laid down by the Republican majority require that any person who wishes to be heard must state his business in writing two weeks in advance. In the rare

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cases where a real issue gets on the calendar, it has a fortnight to cool, during which the machine goes into action to settle the matter out of court.

Even so, discussion by the board usually is limited to a private "briefing" session in the county executive's office. Present are interested department heads and the Republican press agent; the press is barred. This pattern is aped in virtually every village, town and special district, where the cloak of the "executive session" is thrown decorously about the shoulders of every issue that is considered to be controversial.

Only at public hearings, required by law for such matters as the county budget, is any impromptu expression of opinion possible. Despite the fact that hearings usually take place at 10 a.m. on weekdays, hectic sessions have occasionally ensued. The Sprague machine always has felt strong enough to ignore such criticism and has done so.

This does not mean that Nassau's Republicans are not responsive to the needs of the voters. The fact is, certain groups such as the volunteer firemen find the machine responsive on all levels. In return, the firemen are almost solidly Republican.

**The volunteer** fire departments of Long Island only incidentally fight fires. However, they require a great deal of special equipment for "firematic" contests and social activities. One department possessed a hook-and-ladder outfit capable of rising 11 stories, despite the fact the tallest building in the village it served was but four stories high. Another department refused to accept a new $40,000 firehouse on the grounds that its village had not fulfilled a promise that the lounge would contain Venetian blinds and chairs upholstered in genuine leather.

On the other hand, some thousands of veterans discovered from Sprague in 1946 that the county lacked authority to provide even temporary shelters for them. The village of Hempstead could, and did, but the county considered it unconstitutional.

The Nassau Independent Voters' Association, a liberal organization which figured strongly in the 1946 campaign, proposed that a county authority be created to erect garden apartments on county-owned land at Westbury. Funds for the project were available through a new tax imposed on Pari-Mutuel betting at Belmont Park. This money had not then been allocated.

Sprague countered by asking the NIVA to produce the veterans who needed housing.

After newspaper stories on this exchange had appeared in local papers, nearly 2,000 veterans wrote the NIVA, stating that they did, in fact, need housing. In most cases, the need was pitiful.

Sprague responded by calling the NIVA "pink."

**The key** to the Sprague machine is its respectability. It is clean of graft in the ordinary sense of the term. It is superbly organized and rigidly disciplined. Every member of its patronage bloc not only votes, but works. Candidate Mayes estimates that this bloc amounts to 50,000 voters and an equal number of workers. Each of the innumerable small communities into which the county is split is a welter of civic and business organizations, veterans' groups, church clubs, women's clubs, and fire companies. Each of these organizations has its bellwether, who either is employed by or otherwise committed to the machine.

Thus, every local issue, every civic problem, is under control at the source, for the whole weight of the county can be brought to bear against recalcitrants on the community level, and frequently is.

At the same time, true to the pattern of machine politics, Republican committeemen are required to be helpful in dozens of ways dear to the hearts of the constituency. In Nassau, this means dear to home-owners, for most local residents either own their houses, or will in twenty years if they keep up the payments. Broken sidewalks are promptly repaired; all the Republican voter needs do is notify his committeeman of the situation.

No one could be more helpful on election day than the Republican worker. He must canvass his district, offering to drive voters to the polls. In the estates sections, he calls at the servants' entrance; in suburban developments, at the front door. This is his job, and the county or township or village or special district which pays him gives him the day off to do it.

**New residents** invariably are visited by the local committeeman within a few weeks of moving into the county. They are told that the best people of the community are Republican, of course. They are offered help in carting away the litter of moving. They are given introductions to neighbors and to the various community organizations.

In some areas, new residents get invitations to tea, or cocktails, or even to dinner, depending on their potential community importance. It's like rush week at a university. The Democrats, one soon learns, are the inferior fraternity.

This works well, because the average commuter has a consumer's interest in the development he occupies. His creative work is done in the city. He commutes to avoid living in the real world with which he comes into contact during the day. His reaction to the word *Democratic* is his reaction to the subway; he thinks of *Republican* in terms of clipped lawns and shade trees. He is a minor executive or white-collar worker in a large corporation, and identifies his interest with the interests of the company, which appear to be Republican. He is willing to pay heavily to live in the suburbs.

For this reason, it is not surprising that Nassau, which, as a 1946 report of County Executive Sprague stated, is "larger in population than seven states," can boast "higher annual budgets than 21 of them." It is not remarkable, but its result locally is the Sprague machine.

What will be its result nationally is one of the questions the American voter must decide this November.

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# RUSSIA HAS A CANDIDATE

*Thomas E. Dewey is their man, and they will stall negotiations until mid-November, when they expect to get a better German deal*

**by Percy Winner**

BERLIN

THE SCIENTIFIC USE of space and time makes practical politics these days for the no longer quite-so-Marxist Russians. In shooting war, they have relied (and will continue to rely) on the use of space to win time. In the political diplomacy which is for the Russians now more than ever a form of war, they rely on time to win space. For the Westerners time is money; for the Russians it's something they get the Westerners to waste while they themselves maneuver into striking position. When you start either to take their soil or to talk to them, you are on their favorite ground.

Yet we are talking to them, and the question is whether the result of these talks will be different. The late Eduard Benes once chided the Westerners for negotiating with the Russians as if midnight were the deadline. With them, he said, figuratively of course, nothing really happens until after midnight. From the viewpoint of this city where the West and East touch, and in the present context of the cold war, it looks as if midnight would mean the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November.

If the talks in Moscow and here in Berlin lay the groundwork for another meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers, it's likely that it won't convene, or at least get down to work, before November 15. Even if it does start work before then, the talking will be what Broadway used to know as "vamp till ready." For by the middle of November the Russians will know something more about the American public opinion with which they will have to deal for four years; and, believe it or not, they are sensitive to public opinion—outside of their own country. By the middle of November, John Foster Dulles will be the presumptive American Secretary of State and, again believe it or not, they prefer to deal with this man whom they have often called a warmongering tool of Wall Street than with George Catlett Marshall.

With the advent of Dulles, the Russians foresee the triumph in the White House and State Department of the faction of capitalist imperialism that considers France the anchor of the defense of the West. So far as Moscow is concerned, France will come later: Germany is what counts now. Russia wants Germany; at least she wants to be quite sure the West doesn't get it. This has been true since Potsdam. Those American liberals who don't believe it should come over here for a look-see. Whether it's a matter of Soviet aggression or of legitimate Soviet defense against capitalist imperialism, the fact is that the Russians want Germany. They believe there are still too many Americans in positions of authority or influence who are willing to take major risks to make the Elbe and the Oder the frontier of the West that the Rhine once was. After November, they expect there will be fewer. They have been encouraged in this belief by a shift in American strategy, if not policy, toward Germany—an apparent mollification that appeared to coincide with high-level talks in the United States just after the nomination of Governor Thomas E. Dewey.

The Russians are gambling on the time gap, first between now and November, then between November and January, expecting that in the interim period there won't be any real need to get down to hard cases with the Americans. Much can happen in four months, they believe. There may be chances to foment and aggravate what they call inner contradictions. These would be of various kinds: among the Western powers, above all between France on the one hand and England and America on the other; among the Germans, and in German relations with the various occupiers; domestically, in France and Italy; and, by no means least important, among the Americans themselves. The Russians are realistic enough to expect a Dewey victory in November.

Four months, properly exploited by the Russians, may show the Europeans that ECA is not the road to salvation, especially if (as now seems possible) methods of applying ECA play into Russian hands. In this respect, the Russians notice that the Americans are stressing production as such without taking into account the crying need to have high production linked with long overdue economic changes, even if it means a temporary sacrifice. They also notice that in our stress on civil liberties as such, we are neglecting the need to bring pressure in favor of even more overdue and more important changes in the social structure of the Western European nations. The Russians are by no means skillful in handling the political complexities and psychological peculiarities of the European peoples west of the Rhine, but, unlike the Americans, they rely on Frenchmen, Italians, etc., who make up for what they lack. If ECA stumbles, if the psychological advantages implicit in it are allowed to go to waste, the Communists (that is, the Russians) may recover somewhat from the defeats they have suffered in Europe during the last year.

**For the Russians,** economics is the major front of war, cold or hot, diplomatic or shooting. In labor, especially in the strategies and tactics of labor organization, they are permanently on the offensive. This fact is the keystone of Russian policy in the negotiations over Germany. From the viewpoint of this ruined capital of a ruined nation, it is plain why Moscow is so interested in the future of the Ruhr; it is clear why the Russians want so badly to wait to deal with a Secretary of State who has toyed with the idea of internationalization of the Ruhr. Of course, the Russians know that the Ruhr re-

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gion is the key to Germany's industrial and military potentials. It also is the key to all of Europe's industrial capacity. They don't want the Ruhr to remain under Western (that is, American) control.

But this reason, which is one of high-level economics (and of the politics that goes with it), isn't the only reason or, so far as I can tell, the most important at the moment. The simple and painful fact is that the German people of 1948 have more vigor, vitality, hope and faith in their own national future than the peoples of the nominally victorious European nations. The contrast between the Germans and the French and Italians is both striking and startling. The Germans are working harder than the Italians, who in turn are working harder than the French. The Germans like to work and want to work. Alone among the Western European peoples, they also are quite ready to fight another war; indeed, a high proportion of them, women as well as men, actually look forward to another war. Part of the fire-eating attitude of nearly all the Americans here, civilian and military, may be the result of contiguity and a kind of infection. The present affirmative reason for the Russian desire to get a finger in the Ruhr pie is to use it to scoop out control of German labor organization in the area where such organization really counts.

In Italy and in France, the basis of real Communist power is control of labor organization. In Italy the Communist-dominated CGIL has been able to resist the combined onslaughts of the Saragat Socialists, the Christian Unions, the Christian Democrats, the Catholic Action, and the Americans supporting them. In France the Communist-dominated CGT has held its own against the FO (Force Ouvrière); the CFTC (Christian workers); the CGC (government workers); and its other opponents. Indeed the CGT recently was able to force its enemies into line on the wage-price inflation issue, thanks in part to the shortsightedness of our intervention in domestic affairs. While we were backing the Socialists and suggesting that we favored a 20-percent wage increase, we also were backing the old-line orthodox financial experts who fought off anything like such an increase. If French politics is split down the middle with resulting chaos and, of course, Communist success, our own ambivalence must share the blame.

**In Germany** organized labor is split between the Communist-dominated FDGB (Free German Trade Union Organization) and the anti-Communist UGO (Independent Trade Union Opposition). But the disproportion between the two is not so great as it is in France and Italy; Communist control in Germany is not so strong, thanks in part to a different kind of intervention on our part. In Berlin, for example, the Communist unions have about 600,000 members, the others about 200,000. The Russians want to change this proportion, but in the area where labor organization is important —in the Ruhr—and to get control of the Ruhr's labor, the Russians need a political wedge.

During the current negotiations in Moscow there have been hints that Russia might be willing to compromise on the Ruhr, that she might settle for far less than a really equal share with the other three powers. There have been suggestions that the recent meeting in Belgrade on control of the Danube might be accepted as a precedent. In the Ruhr, the Russians would be outvoted, as were the Americans and British at Belgrade, and there would be no veto power. But outvoted or not on big political and economic issues, the Russians would have the right to *be* in the Ruhr. They would have representatives there, the representatives would have staffs, and contacts with the German workers would be permitted. The Russians would have at least a fingernail; and of that, by their own special kind of grafting, they would make a finger first, then a whole hand. With that, they hope and the Westerners fear, they would win control of Ruhr labor and eventually of all European labor. And that would mean an effective veto on Ruhr production whenever Moscow chose to use it. With such control, Moscow might be able to counteract the beneficial effects of ECA.

This isn't a pleasant fact for American liberals to accept. But there are other equally unpleasant facts we had better face if we are to stem the growing tide toward the political Right while at the same time trying to hold off the rise of Soviet-controlled communism in Europe. Germany is the key to Europe, and German democratic forces, woefully weak, show few signs of getting stronger, at least not on a mass basis on which we can rely in times of stress. The German people now far more than ever before are potentially the strongest in Europe, and if the occupation forces withdrew they would return to type—they would yield to some form of authoritarian control. An overwhelming proportion of Germans are strongly opposed to

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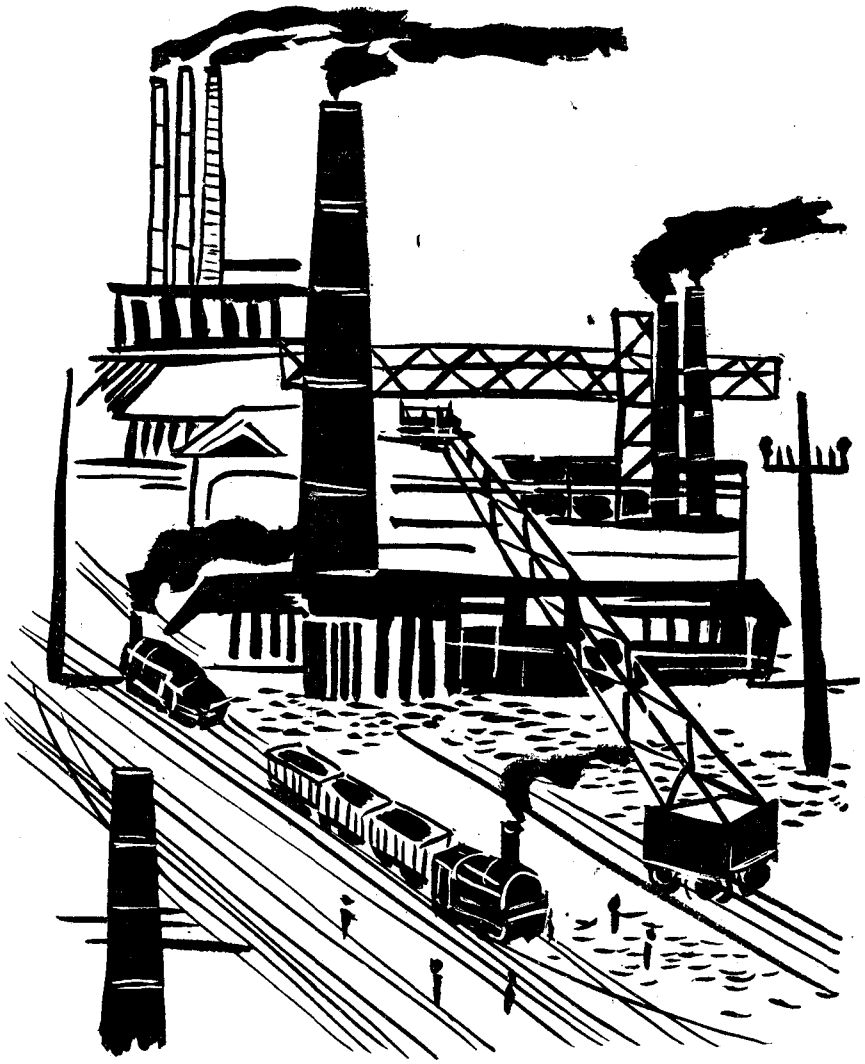
Soviet totalitarian dictatorship, but largely because it would be Russian, not German. A much smaller proportion are willing to go along with various forms of democracy, but largely because such an attitude of assent gives Germany the support of the United States and England.

**The general attitude** of Berliners toward the occupiers can be summed up in a remark made to me by an intelligent young woman. She said, "As human beings, they are all right. The trouble is they are the occupying powers and we hate that word, power." In reality, her remark covers only the Berliners' opinion of the Americans and the British. There is a scale of dislike of the occupiers: the Russians come first; the French next; then the British; finally the Americans. But the real hate of the Russians is accompanied by a fear at least as strong, while for the French they have little but contempt. With the British they feel they are in the presence of an empty show of power. The Americans they accept either because they actually like them or because they feel they can't afford to dislike the people who alone can help Germany back to power.

Here, as in Paris and Rome, the apparent disinterest in the big political affairs of the world is surprising to an American; indeed, here more than in the other cities, since it is Berlin itself which is at stake. There is also general tiredness, but with an enormous difference. The indifference affects the affairs of the world, not the future of Germany. The inertia is nothing more than a species of biding one's time. Underneath is vitality and determination. Patriotism is strong, especially the old-fashioned nationalistic kind. The world isn't their affair—not yet. Germany *is* their affair, not yet in action but already in thought and feeling.

A number of underground anti-Soviet organizations exist, mostly run by former officers who believe the first task is to get rid of the Russians; the second, to drive out the three other occupying powers; the third, to get for Germany the means of regaining her lost position in the world.



DRAWINGS BY AMY KASAI

These officers are of the Luftwaffe, the Navy, the Special Services. Outstanding among them are the Ritterkreuzträger, the men who won the famous decoration with swords and diamonds. They and their followers are mostly young men who are pro-West for the moment only because by working with the West against the East they hope to accomplish their first and third goals. They profess to be disinterested in politics and are concentrating now on getting German officers out of the Soviet zone, and on forming the cadres for an eventual reorganization of the SS and the SD. Many women, especially those with military service during World War II, are their active helpers. It is interesting to note that the older women working with them include many wives of Ruhr miners.

In general, the Germans not only expect World War III but are convinced it is desirable as well as inevitable. Hundreds of thousands of youths in their late teens are willing, even eager, to fight against the Russians.

Some of the former prisoners of war also feel the same. They tell you they have lost faith in everything except Germany. They themselves have nothing to lose and Germany everything to gain. This, they insist, isn't merely a reversion to Nazism; it's a reaffirmation of the currents that produced Bismarck, Kaiser Wilhelm II and also Hitler (though not Ebert and Stresemann). They tried twice to win their "place in the sun" and though three or even two years ago they thought they would have to live forevermore in darkness, they think differently now. Another *"Tag"* will

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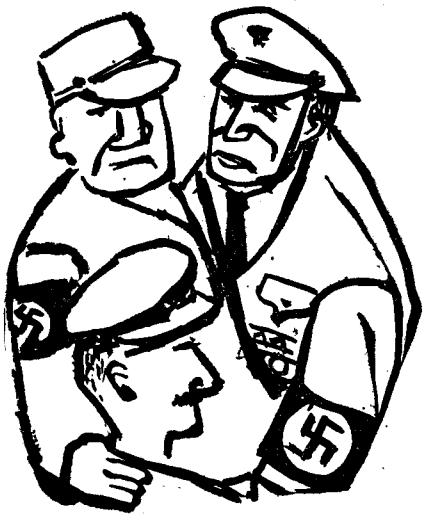

come. They see the handwriting across the Berlin sky.

Day and night, hour by hour, almost every minute of every day for weeks, they have seen a plane in the sky and heard sounds which were music for them before they became dread. Again the sound is music, not theirs now, they tell you—perhaps 70, even 80, percent of Berliners of all classes in all four sectors, while greatly impressed by Operation Vittles (US) and Operation Planefare (British), don't think it is really being done for them. The Westerners are testing, they say. It is for them, the Westerners; but later on, it will turn out to have been for us, the Germans, who know how to wait and plan and prepare and never lose faith. Go to the bunker where Hitler died and hear them ask, "But is he really dead?" Most Americans who hear, laugh at them; and they smile in return. All the Americans, they say among themselves, are like open books. Some of the Russians, too, are like open books, but most are quite unpredictable, and where Germans can't predict and plan, they feel themselves in great danger.

**The present** Berlin situation really is partly due to the naïveté of the American leaders, civilian and military, in letting the Russians get a firm grip on Berlin before four-power control could be made effective. They didn't object to the Soviet strong-arm tactics. Nor did they protest when the Russians created in their zone, in July, 1945, the Central German Administration which, in effect, was a device of economic control more drastic than anything the Allies instituted in creating a Western German Administration this year. The difference was that the Russians worked quietly.

The most important mistake was the failure at Potsdam to get all the minute details of the agreements fully worked out and set down in writing. Now the Russians no longer admit even four-power control of Berlin. So far as they are concerned, Berlin is part of the Russian zone. In effect, this means that Berlin is to be the capital of a Russian Germany. This is the issue as between the Russians on the one hand, the Americans and the British on the other.

If there is any remaining major friction between the Americans and the British, it is the heritage of the past, no longer important: the British say we took too long to make up our minds to believe what they had been telling us from the beginning—that the Russians wanted to control Germany. The old-timers here say the present American policy began when former Secretary of State Byrnes forced President Truman to make the choice between himself and Henry Wallace and to demand Wallace's resignation from the cabinet. The next landmark was the replacement of Byrnes by Marshall. This was a shift in emphasis from political considerations to military ones. In European political terms it amounted to transferring to the hard, old-fashioned Right in Europe the support we had previously been giving to the Left-Center and the Socialists. And this military-minded Truman Doctrine, get-tough-with Russia policy, was reinforced after Marshall's trip to Moscow.

The policy didn't work as well as had been expected. The Marshall Plan was the next phase—at least the idea of a Marshall Plan. Toughness tied into military moves and linked with the reactionaries hadn't worked, so a broad-based economic move was undertaken. To give the Marshall Plan a broad political basis, Washington widened its field of support in Western Europe, going back to the Byrnes system while also hanging on to the Truman Doctrine; we backed the Socialists, the Left-Center, the moderates and democrats as well as the Right.

It is important to note that since early this year we have been supporting everyone, all the way from the extreme Right to the moderate Left, short of the fellow travelers with the Communists; we underwrite *all* the anti-Communists. But it is also important to note that we renewed our support of the democrats and socialists only after we had already knocked the props from under them by our previous policy. With America backing the Right, the Communists were able to rob strength from the Socialists and to entrench themselves in organized labor. Thus we were military-minded too much and too soon; we rattled sabers during the years when it was possible to be political-minded, and now, when we would like to provide a mass political basis for our great ECA economic effort, it may be too late to save the anti-Communist Left.

**There are two** explanations of our change of policy on Berlin, that is of our willingness to sit down and talk with the Russians after the generals here had come to the point of trying to run the blockade of the city. One is that President Truman got nervous. Perhaps the currency reform, coming after the creation of western Germany, was going too fast; the blockade was bad; the desire of General Clay and Ambassador Murphy to take the risk of war by calling what they termed the Russian bluff looked worse. President Truman, in trouble enough, didn't want to go before the people with a war on his hands. Tough yes, but not that tough. The other explanation is that Senator Vandenberg got Truman to let Dulles undo the "mistakes" of the generals.

The French here vastly prefer the second version. They read with approval the articles of Sumner Welles and Walter Lippmann in the Paris edition of the New York *Herald Tribune.* They point to Tito and argue that the West has more to gain than the East

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in stalling for time. They talk about the good effects of ECA and brush aside objections that the power of the dollar ends at any totalitarian border. Stalin can't let Russians starve while Western Europeans are eating well. Their opponents in debate snort. Then the French always bring out their last and best argument; if war comes, it will be France that will suffer, and France no longer can guarantee resistance against invasion.

**The only other** frictions between the Americans and the British are relatively small matters. The worst of these arose from the refusal of the Americans to permit socialization of the Ruhr until such measures can be applied to Germany as a whole. Another is resentment over Washington's unwillingness to use their Intelligence, which they consider better than ours. They say we are far away while they are close and really know both the Germans and Russians. They are annoyed by evidence of divisions of opinion on foreign policy in high places in Washington while they, even under a labor government, are united. They resent such things as the American intention to bring to trial Generals von Rundstedt, von Mannstein and von Brauchitsch after they had been kept safely and kindly in England as a means of currying favor with the German military caste that may some day come in handy. And recently they have been annoyed at not being given full credit for the enormous sacrifices they have made to participate in the Berlin air-lift. To read the American newspapers, one would think it was entirely a US show; British planes have in fact accounted for 45 percent of the total.

All this is trivial compared with the very serious friction between the French and the Anglo-Americans (as well as with the Germans in their sector). To begin with, there is a personal element: Clay and Foreign Minister Georges Bidault didn't get on at all; friction sparked at once and kept sparking between them. The French are accused of refusing to coöperate in their zone with the other Western occupation authorities. They wouldn't take their share of refugees while the American and British zones were flooded with them. Their form of zone government is a tight little bureaucracy, almost totalitarian, made up almost exclusively of French civil servants. There is practically no sharing with Germans.

Using their own methods, the French are able to show a nominal efficiency in administration. Their indices are higher, but their Western colleagues are skeptical. While the Americans and British have been using large numbers of planes and pilots on the Berlin air-lift, the French have refused to participate, saying all their machines are tied up in Indo-China. To make matters worse, they have been flying in, quite empty, a few DC3's daily to take out the belongings of Frenchmen leaving the sector—they have steadily been reducing their representation here to skeleton staffs.

In the French zone, there still is serious friction with the Germans on such matters as the dismantling of factories, the Germans accusing their ancient enemies of deliberately and wantonly destroying German industry to prevent effective German competition. There are many stories that they are still living off the land. In the French sector of Berlin, I found strong resentment on the part of Germans. The departure of many of the Frenchmen is pleasing. It would be to the Americans and the British, too, if it were not for the fact that whenever a Frenchman leaves, the French command informs the Russians. The French are definitely the weak link in the united Western front.

**With the planes** shuttling back and forth overhead, one would think the Americans and British here would be worried about the prospect of war. They are not. To a man, they are quite confident that the Russians will back down. It's all a matter of straight blackmail on the part of the Russians, the Americans will tell you. The Russians know that democracies can't declare war; war will come only when the Russians stage their own version of Pearl Harbor, and they aren't ready for such a step. On the contrary, they want to keep us talking.

Moreover, a new theory of the nature of war, if and when it comes, has cropped up here. According to this, the Russians won't drive westward and reach the English Channel and the Pyrenees in four weeks. They won't even strike through Turkey into the Near East, or cross the top of the world. They won't move anywhere. They will use the space-time system, wait to be attacked, then strike only when we have learned that we can't beat them by an atomic blitz. It's a comforting theory for men, Americans and British, who live here in comfort and would like the American and British peoples to risk World War III to rid them of the annoyance of having Russians around the corner.

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# BOOKS IN REVIEW

## THE LOGICAL DESTRUCTION OF REASON

**by James R. Newman**

FRIEDERICH A. HAYEK of the London School of Economics, who last year frightened a considerable number of Americans into examining their tongues in the bathroom mirror each morning for symptoms of incipient serfdom, has produced another book (*Individualism and Economic Order*; The University of Chicago Press, $5). It is doubtful whether this collection of reprints will cause quite the same flap as Professor Hayek's best-seller last year, for it is not, as the preface warns, intended for "popular consumption," and it costs, for no reason at all, $5. None the less, one may safely predict an enthusiastic reception from such journals as *Newsweek* and *Fortune*, and official accolades from bankers' clubs, manufacturers' associations and other groups of similar disinterested tendency.

**Of the twelve** papers here presented —articles reprinted from specialized journals and lectures to learned societies—three or four, at most, are of interest to the general reader. One of these, the essay, "Individualism: True and False," furnishes a relatively intelligible epitome of the well-known doctrines espoused by Hayek: the economic beliefs that pit him as the St. George of free enterprise against the dragon of collectivism; the social beliefs that link him not only (as he contends) to Locke, Hume, Adam Smith and Lord Acton, but more closely to the contemporary thinkers, Lecomte du Noüy and Charles A. Lindbergh. Here one may find the same anti-rationalism, the same perverse appeal in the name of reason to repudiate reason that imbue du Noüy's *Human Destiny* and Lindbergh's recent *Of Flight and Life*. It is this affinity of thought between men who know little and men who should know better that I find so shocking. "It is very well-known," says Chesterfield, "that religion and politics are perfectly understood by everybody; as they require neither study nor experience." This explains Lindbergh, but it does not explain nor does it excuse Hayek.

It is not necessary to explore fully that cave of dismal ideas where Hayek and followers dwell. Yet a brief review of his opinions may serve as an inoculation against their possible inroads on the unwary.

Hayek describes himself as a devout "individualist." That is to say, he believes in the principles of "true" individualism, which, he says, began with Locke and Hume; "achieved full stature" in the work of Josiah Tucker, Adam Ferguson, Adam Smith and Edmund Burke; and in the nineteenth century had De Tocqueville and Lord Acton as its prophets. In contrast, he distinguishes and condemns "false" or "rationalistic" individualism. This brand is out of Descartes, by way of the Encyclopedists and Rousseau, was furthered by John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer and comes to its just end in "socialism or collectivism."

**To impute** the origins of his philosophy in one and the same breath to Locke, Hume, Adam Smith and Edmund Burke; to disregard the background of religious bigotry, social injustice, economic exploitation and human misery against which the Encyclopedists exalted the powers of reason and Rousseau preached the equality of man; to identify individual or "spiritual" liberty with untrammeled economic liberty and to argue that any substantial impairment of the second conflicts with the classical precepts of the first; to dismiss with a mere phrase (*i.e.*, "social contract individualism" and the "design theories of social institutions") the belief that men can, to some degree, rationally plan their common affairs; and to contemn the high hope for human betterment through social controls which characterizes much of what is valuable in the development of modern social thought —these are indeed astonishing readings of history. Thus at the very outset one gets the measure of Hayek's impartiality as an interpreter.

**The good kind** of individualism, says Hayek, holds that "there is no other way toward the understanding of social phenomena but through our understanding of individual actions directed toward other people and guided by their expected behavior." (This means, I assume, that to understand the behavior of everybody together requires an understanding of the behavior of everybody separately.) The *bad* kind of individualism "pretends to be able directly to comprehend social wholes like society, etc., as entities *sui generis*, which exist independently of the individuals who compose them." (This means, I think, nothing; at most, it is a controversial attempt, as in the historical analysis, to set essentially complementary views in spurious opposition. Are there not, after all, "social wholes like society"? Is it not well established that they behave differently from the individuals composing them just as physical aggregates behave differently from the elements composing them? Does any reputable social scientist in fact claim that these aggregates are "directly"—if directly means completely—comprehensible by statistical methods or for that matter by any other apparatus of thought? And is it not also true that of the many useful generalizations about social behavior, some are based upon statistics—the study of wholes, some upon the more minute study of individuals, while the great majority are inferences from both kinds of observation?)

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It is the "great discovery of classical political economy," Hayek continues, that the "spontaneous collaboration of free men often creates things which are greater than their individual minds can ever fully comprehend." But the faith of "true" individualism, which rests on this discovery, is challenged by a view which "assumes that Reason, with a capital R, is always fully and equally available to all humans and that everything which man achieves is the direct result of, and therefore subject to, the control of individual reason." What accounts for the steady improvement in human affairs, which occurs in spite of Reason? What, in other words, makes the world machine produce dimes when all we feed it are nickels? Philosophers differ. The "universal mover" (self-love), says Josiah Tucker; the "benign and wise disposer of all things," says Edmund Burke; the "invisible hand," says Adam Smith. I vote for that incomparable maid of all work, the "invisible hand."

Now the "true" individualist, it seems, has a proper respect for the invisible hand and an "attitude of humility" toward "anonymous social processes." But the big bouncing planner, a follower of "false, rationalistic individualism," with an "exaggerated belief in the powers of individual reason," has only to show *his* interfering hand, and things promptly go awry; socialism appears and the world falls into chaos.

**What does Hayek** propose? First, we must frankly recognize the deplorable nature of man's condition and, especially, the fact that it can scarcely be improved. Man has "constitutional limitations of knowledge and interests"; he can never know more than the facts of the "narrow circle of which he is the center"; "all the possible differences in men's moral attitudes amount to little so far as their significance for social organization is concerned. . . ." Indeed, the strength of "true" individualism lies precisely in the guiding principle that an economic and social system must be designed to fit the "bad men" of the world, who constitute the great majority, rather than the good men, who are all too scarce.

Next, we must stop trying to *make* people equal, since the objective of equality is incompatible with liberty. We must treat them equally of course, but give up "attempting to make them equal," which can only lead to what De Tocqueville describes as "a new form of servitude." (God forbid that all men should in fact be equal; "fortunately" it is not so, else it would be impossible "to achieve any sort of social organization" without treating them differently.) Since "true individualism is not equalitarian" it "denies government the right to limit what the able or fortunate may achieve." Similarly, there is no justification "for making all individuals start on the same level by preventing them from profiting by advantages which they have in no way earned, such as being born to parents who are more intelligent or more conscientious than the average." In short, "true individualism" insists that the "Christian tradition" of free conscience in moral matters must be extended to permit full use of each man's knowledge and skill in economic matters and subscribes only to that law (as Anatole France described it) which "in its majestic equality forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets and to steal bread."

How *little* can a government govern and still remain a government? If I may borrow a phrase from A. D. Lindsay: "No one can really tell how near he can go to the edge of the precipice without falling over unless he goes so near that he does fall over." But "true individualism" has no trouble with this vexing question. Under the new order government's role would be shrunken beyond Chamber of Commerce dreams.

Coercion by the state would be restricted to "those fields where it is indispensable to prevent coercion by others." Knowing that its citizens are stupid as well as lazy, government has the task of giving each man a clear idea of his "delimited area of responsibility." Above all, there must be "rules [*i. e.*, laws] of the game" enabling "a man to distinguish between mine and thine" and generally directing him to mind his own business. While government is to make few rules, these "should be designed to remain valid for long periods"—a sound view. Whatever else it refrains from doing, government must be very strict about private property; that is, a man ought to have an absolute right to use his "mobile effects" any way he sees fit. Real property, electric power, inventions and the like may, to be sure, require special regulations, but the formula for these will stand revealed almost automatically on going back to the "rationale of property"—presumably, the principle of "mine and thine."

**The most beautiful** (and sacred) of all socio-economic mechanisms is the "competitive market," for while it may not in its results satisfy "our views of distributive justice," it will always preserve the paramount objective of "individual freedom." Professor Hayek in this essay neglects to mention the disturbing effect on free competition of trusts, cartels and monopolies; one may assume, however, that his advice, if given, would certainly go no further than that expressed by Mr. Dooley: "Th' thrusts are heejous monsthers built up by the inlightened intherprise ov th' men that have done so much to advance progress in our beloved counthry. On wan hand I wud stamp them undher fut, on th' other hand, not so fast."

Finally, "true" individualism is a safe guide for personal conduct. Its social principles, while not dramatic, bear a reassuring resemblance to the Boy Scout oath. For one thing T. I. affirms the value of the family which "false" individualism wants to "dissolve . . . into atoms." This turns out to be part of F. I.'s plot to hold things together only by coercion and to make all social ties "prescriptive." T. I. also demands "obedience." It is important to submit to existing "rules of behavior," "conventions whose rationale is not known," "moral rules whose utility is not rationally demonstrated,"

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and especially to the "hard discipline of the market." Men can take deep and profitable thought to the customs that prevail. The status quo is no light matter. This seeking forever after the reason of things, this headstrong desire to know, are purposeless exertions instinct with danger. What befell Pandora and Adam and Eve yet may befall us.

There is no difference, one gathers from Hayek, between the search for rational explanations of social phenomena and the striving for improvement in the social order, on the one hand, and the basic philosophy of "rationalistic individualism" which (says Hayek) "wants all social activity to be recognizably part of a single coherent plan . . ." and "wants to see in everything the product of conscious individual reason." Let us see where all this leads:

1. It is said that wanting a thing explained is the same as falsely assuming that it can be explained in a certain way.

2. It is said that the method of reason is essentially invalid for interpreting large-scale social phenomena because these are too complex and because, in many instances, they are inherently incomprehensible.

3. It is said that only the study of individual behavior is profitable and that generalizations about social wholes are useless.

4. It is said that the attempt to control most social processes is not only foolish but positively detrimental in that the use of reason interferes with the higher logic of natural social processes which can contribute to human improvement only if left "free."

It follows then that most of the conclusions of the social sciences are worthless, that the deductive method and reason are intruders in this region, that individualism (equated with interest and privilege) is to be protected and that we should cease to agitate for change in society lest we disturb the grand, inevitable procession upwards. Does it not follow also that we should discard Hayek, since his program is in its own peculiar way a social engineer's design, guilty of the offense defined in (1), invalidated by (2), useless by (3) and positively detrimental by (4)?

This is as far as I care to go in Professor Hayek's adventures in casuistry, but it is far enough, I suggest, to show on which side his individualism is buttered.

## WHOSE IRON CURTAIN?

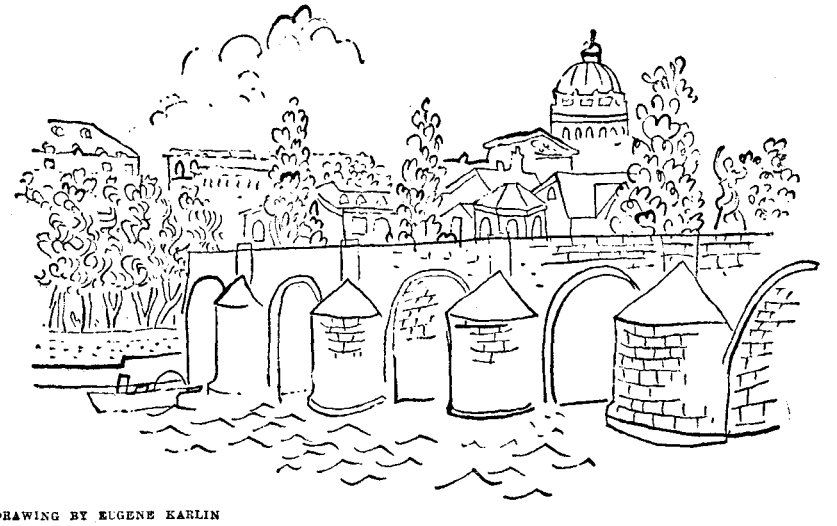
FROM THE HEART OF EUROPE, by F. O. *Matthiessen* (*The Oxford University Press*; $3).

POWER CONTROLS and propaganda are turning us into a "mass society" in which issues are deliberately distorted, loyalties become stereotypes, choices are narrowed and men lose their spontaneous links with one another.

The tremendous vitality of Professor Matthiessen's book inheres in its revelation of a thoroughly civilized and courageous man in direct and important human communication with the people over yonder, and of the eagerness of those men of all kinds—Czechs, Germans, Italians, Danes and others—to reach out to their kind and begin again to live. The book weaves together skillfully a series of vignettes of experiences richly seen and felt in 1947 when Matthiessen taught at an international summer school at Salzburg and, later, was visiting professor at Charles University in Prague.

The preface, with characteristic modesty, calls this "a journal of opinions, a record of what I thought about during half a year abroad," but it is much more than that. Although Matthiessen's scholarship is deeply rooted in the American tradition, he is "absorbed by the interplay of thought and expression between America and Europe." He has a contagious passion for abundance in life (he speaks simply of one experience as "an immense force in bringing you toward life"); he believes with Emerson that thought can be action; and, as his life at Harvard demonstrates, he has a strong sense of the responsibility of the intellectual. He sees the role of "expert expression" in literature and other media as "to keep alive the vital, delicate, and always menaced accuracy of communication, without which there can be no renewed discovery of man by man." He believes that human "communication withers through disuse." And, unlike many scholars, he sees men as finding themselves only through the "enriching sense of cooperation" in organized action with others.

**As he discusses** Whitman and Melville and American poetry with these students, men and women whose lives had been deeply gashed by the war, they give back to him their buried hopes for a rebuilt world. Page after page reveals what Hawthorne called "the magnetic chain of humanity" at work between former enemies: a German hesitantly opening himself up in serious discussion in a seminar with a Dutchman and a Dane and discovering that "he was no longer outlawed";



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an Italian, all of whose education had been within the restrictions of Mussolini's regime, who summed up his experience in the seminar, "I suppose that I've had more discussions of matters of real importance to me during these weeks here than during all the rest of my life." It takes an imaginative and gifted person to live so evocatively. And Professor Matthiessen is such a person, though he would be the first to insist that these capacities are in some important sense in all of us.

The passages interpreting American literature to current European experience makes me vastly envious as a social scientist of this man so aware of our living literary tradition. He describes how William James is taking on new meaning for Europeans, "not as an escape, but as a renewed sense of the dignity of the human spirit." Noting the current tendency abroad to group together such diverse American writers as Hemingway, Faulkner, Caldwell, O'Hara and Cain, he searches for the common denominator of these "writers of such unequal value" and finds it in "the preoccupation with violence which they share. It is a paradox that America, spared so far the worst violences of Fascism and war, has yet projected imaginative violence in a way that seems authentic to Europeans."

Against this background one winces at the passing glimpses of our fellow countrymen abroad: a member of our counter-intelligence service "so sure that he knew all the answers" but "without any humility before the complexity of the human situations in all the countries of Europe"; so many GI's who "have no idea how to escape their boredom" and "do not even know how to get interested in another country." "What is it we do with our high-school education that leaves so many boys without any range of curiosity, with a dullness towards experience before they have even had it?"

But the thing I shall carry permanently from these pages is the tonic experience of living for a little while with a window wide open to men's hopes. With "the sense of forbearance and trust without which no mature communication is possible," what a world we could build with these people Professor Matthiessen met!

ROBERT S. LYND

## HOMEWARD BOUND

THE SHIP AND THE FLAME, by Jerre Mangione (Current Books, A. A. Wyn; $3).

THE SIMPLE, handy device of putting all the characters of a novel within the physical limits of a ship, a hotel, a train or a plane has its obvious advantages for the author: thus boxed in, they may be conveniently observed within a compact, contrived framework; propinquity and continuous contact alone can legitimately generate much of the drama and action. Characters and story may be manipulated *sous cloche*, as it were, without having to bother too much with the outside world, a problem no less difficult for the novelist than for anyone else. I do not mean that this is necessarily the technique of a lazy writer, or that it cannot produce a good book or a great short story, as it did in Stephen Crane's "The Open Boat." Some readers may prefer to watch characters move and live out of themselves and the fluctuations of predicament and environment, instead of under a cold-frame, but that is another kind of novel, and not the kind I am speaking of, which has become a *genre*.

**Jerre Mangione's** *The Ship and the Flame* is an example of this self-contained structure, of many characters sharing a single predicament, a predicament dominant and constant throughout the novel. Whatever incidental action takes place serves only to advance or retard to some slight extent their ultimate extrication, thus giving the story a pendulum pattern of hope and frustration.

The *Setubal* is a converted cargo ship of Portuguese registry, enroute from Lisbon to Vera Cruz, carrying some six hundred refugees of a half-dozen nationalities in flight from the Nazi-occupied countries of Europe. Among them are Stiano Argento, an Italian intellectual and former university professor, and his wife and young daughter; Josef Renner, "The Gadfly of Austria," a defiant radical writer long sought by the Nazi police; Tereza Lenska, his beautiful Polish mistress; Paul Kalinka, an idealistic young Pole much under Renner's influence; and, furnishing a kind of comic relief, Madame Brasson, a formidable termagant, and her daughter Simone, a curvaceous young woman with heels to match.

On the day before arrival, the exhilarating hope that has grown with each day of the voyage is assailed by a persistent shipboard rumor that the expensive visas procured in Lisbon are invalid, and will be refused by the Mexican authorities. The captain, a cynical, brutish man and an obvious Fascist sympathizer, confirms the rumor. The pattern of alternating hope and despair has now begun.

Within the story, plays within a play, are the brief, flaring personal relationships among these people, the moments of courage, of pettiness and cowardice, of personalities being sifted through a sieve of despair. Although *The Ship and the Flame* is the work of an American writer, it is permeated with a strong European flavor, not only in the writing, which sometimes gives the pleasant effect of a good translation, but in the author's understanding of the people, so that it seems that they too have been sensitively translated. If it appears already a little dated, it is because we, not time, have made it so, through not wanting to remember the tragic truths of only a few years ago. We too might some day find ourselves passengers on a *Setubal*.

JOHN WOODBURN

## SOUL OF A POET

THE SEVEN STOREY MOUNTAIN, by Thomas Merton (Harcourt, Brace and Company; $3).

THE AUTHOR of this autobiography is a young poet who, at the age of 26, entered the Trappist monastery at Gethsemani, Kentucky. If such an account seems premature from a man in his early thirties, it should be remembered that in this case monastic vows

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"have divested me of the last shreds of any special identity." In that sense, Thomas Merton reviews his life from the perspective of the grave; as far as the world is concerned, the young man who figures in these pages "is supposed to be dead." But because it is written from the cloister, the book is also an account of the monastic life, and as Merton's vocation was practically synonymous with his reception into the Catholic Church, the book is additionally the history of a conversion.

**The literature** of conversion is not extensive in the Catholic Church. The obvious reason is that the bulk of its members are born into it; but there are less incidental explanations. In an established church with a complex dogma and a rich devotional tradition there is necessarily a minimal insistence on the personal elements in belief, the idiosyncrasies of devotional practices, or the accidents of an individual persuasion. The two accounts of religious conviction written in the Church and best known to the literate contemporary are the *Confessions* of St. Augustine and John Henry Newman's *Apologia Pro Vita Sua.* While both record what to the writers were crucial experiences, the common idiom of the Scriptures and the frame of reference of Christian dogma transform the strictly autobiographical to doctrinal and devotional writing.

The inevitable blurb comparing Merton to St. Augustine must be dismissed as injudicious enthusiasm. For the greater part, Merton writes a conventional account of his life. He was born (1915) in France of an American Quaker mother and an English father. His family environment held "that all religions were more or less praiseworthy on purely natural or social grounds," but at the same time imbued him with a "deep, almost subconscious aversion from the vague and evil thing which I called Catholicism."

His childhood was passed in France, on Long Island, in England. He spent the usual miserable period in an English public school; traveled during several holidays on the Continent; studied for a year in what he calls the "dark sinister atmosphere of Cambridge." He was happier back in America at Columbia University, where, in a not uncommon sequence, he was first converted to communism. After his religious conversion, he began to write poetry, taught in a Franciscan college, and worked in a settlement house in Harlem before he joined the Trappists in Kentucky.

Since Merton chronicles this for almost 400 pages, he must presume in it an interest for the general reader which he is at pains to disavow in himself. His feeling for his former life is the disaffection, sometimes amounting to aversion, frequent in converts to any belief. With one exception: inasmuch as he regards his life in the world as a preamble to his religious vocation, it has for him the fascination of the Old Testament for a scholar in the Christian dispensation. Uncertainties, intuitions, apparent coincidences, incidental circumstances have for the writer the kind of significance cherished by the believer, the lover, or the merely self-absorbed. It is a perfectly natural interpretation, as inevitable as human affections themselves, but it is also a private significance and these details tend to clutter and vitiate the narrative.

The most valuable part of the book, the part which the author writes in an intense absorption that gives life to his style, is the description of life in the Abbey of Gethsemani combined with a general account of the contemplative life. Even at a superficial level, there is an extraordinary interest in the medieval community of the cloister, and all the more engaging for Merton's frankness and objectivity. He can discuss the human limitations of the routine: *e.g.*, "It is one of the tiresome minor details of all religious life today, that one must receive a large proportion of spiritual nourishment dished up in the unseasoned jargon of transliterated French." (It might be questioned whether, except by comparison with eternals, this detail is as minor as all that.)

As for his own poetry, Merton says that in the full Cistercian year "there is usually no time, no desire for writing." He has been requested by his superiors to continue his writing, but how long can Frater Louis, the monk, share his contemplative vocation with "my double, my shadow, my enemy, Thomas Merton," the poet?

JOHN FARRELLY

## THEATRE: Intimate Number

FOR THE DRAMATIC CRITIC, to assess the values of a musical show by passing judgment on its component parts is like describing a love affair in terms of statistics. On the second night of "Small Wonder," I had been in the theatre no more than a few minutes before I realized that the audience was going to like the show and that the first-nighters, despite the professional reservations, had also liked it.

There are twenty numbers in "Small Wonder." By my count, the audience gets its money's worth of better-grade entertainment only six times. Of the six numbers I have in mind, I liked particularly the caricature of magazine ads, and such moments as the lampoon on a postwar, post-Hemingway best-seller, and the American movie take-off—all reasonably "intellectual" stuff. For the rest, I found no fetching tunes, no dazzling dancers, no disturbing beauties. The boys' virility expressed itself often in a too evident brightness of teeth; the girls' charms in a prefabricated inflation of bosom.

Yet the show will be a success, and no sapient analysis of its merits or proofs of its shortcomings have very much to do with the matter one way or another. The inspiration of "Small Wonder" is a collegiate youthfulness, and its form and appearance derive from the linear and lacquered sophistication of the *New Yorker.* Just as

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there is a large audience that responds to unregenerate corned-beef and pastrami lustiness, as attempted in shows like "Make Mine Manhattan," so there is an audience drawn to the leaner humors of nice young people endowed with an agile point of view on a variety of cultural topics.

In the teens and the early twenties we would tolerate nothing less nourishing than the supper-club grace of Marilyn Miller, the operetta glamor of Wilda Bennett, the fashionable sparkle of the Astaires, the sentimental bounce of Eddie Cantor, the frontier tartness of Will Rogers, the devastating knowingness of Fannie Brice, and the lavish panoply of voluptuous girls Ziegfeld glorified. Today an important segment of the theatre-going public is of a more delicate kidney or a smaller appetite. It follows a simpler diet dictated by a decorative taste, the kind of cocktail-hour breeding and sense of fun to be found in apartments where the walls are made lively by reproductions of modern artists from Picasso to Dufy and Peter Arno.

The entertainment that caters to this world has less vulgarity and less power than the older musicals—as well as less sharpness than the Grand Street Follies of 1923 or the Garrick Gaieties of 1925 and '26—but impresses one as a light, air-conditioned environment, a cool and pleasant spot for metropolitan escape. "Small Wonder" has been smoothly and intelligently styled by Ralph Alswang and peopled by the likable and gifted Tom Ewell and Mary McCarty, an able girl with a serious, almost sadly pretty, face and an honestly and attractively imperfect figure.

Since the second musical of the week, "Heaven on Earth," despite the presence in its cast of such talented newcomers as Peter Lind Hayes, Dorothy Jarnac and Irwin Corey, proved nothing to write home (or anywhere else) about, I would like to close with a protest against the use of the public-address system that accompanies almost all musicals nowadays. Its metallic ring ruins our impression of every show by making the plays—for the first fifteen minutes at any rate—sound as if they had nickel-plated insides. Does this dependence on the loudspeaker imply that most of the audience is deaf and that most of the actors are semi-mute? If so, we are either being insulted or defrauded. In the heyday of musical entertainment neither audiences nor performers required such mechanisms. Are we to be tortured with improvements? Does Ethel Merman need to be amplified?

HAROLD CLURMAN

## RECORDS: Twentieth-Century Music

THE LATE GEORGE GERSHWIN can scarcely be called a neglected American composer, but the record manufacturers have usually refused to expend enough care to give his music first-rate representation, preferring to regard Gershwin pieces as quickies which will sell no matter how they are done. Leonard Bernstein's new version of "An American in Paris" (RCA Victor DM-1237, $3.50), in which the young conductor directs the well-disciplined RCA Victor Orchestra, offers an agreeable exception to the rule, for it is handsomely engineered and played with wonderful bounce in the quickstep passages and nostalgic lyricism in the blues section. Save for the broad blues melody, the score has begun to fade around the edges, but thousands of Gershwin enthusiasts (many of whom do not share my conviction that the short musical-comedy songs are more successful than the blown-up symphonic works) will be glad to own so vivid and likable a performance.

At the opposite pole from the blithe popular idiom of Gershwin is the sobersided, and often chaotic, ex-


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perimentalism of Charles Ives, whose "Concord Sonata" for piano is played by John Kirkpatrick (Columbia MM-749, $7.25). Now in his seventies, Ives has spent his life dallying with unorthodox musical ideas, few of which he has been able to organize persuasively after he has had them. The "Concord Sonata," completed in 1915 after six years of part-time work (Ives is a businessman, composing in his off-hours), is one of the pieces his admirers place at the top of his list.

A long work (nine record sides), its four movements are subtitled "Emerson," "Hawthorne," "The Alcotts" and "Thoreau." Since the music consists mostly of meandering dissonances and complicated pianistic figures, with occasional more relaxed passages that sound momentarily like Liszt or Scriabin, it is hard to discern just what relation Ives meant to establish between the music and these familiar New England figures.

People are now writing magazine articles based on the thesis that Ives is a prophet without sufficient honor, but I cannot jump onto the bandwagon, for it seems to me that a composer has not finished his job until he has brought his materials around into some sort of clarity. If you suspect me of being narrow-minded, buy yourself the "Concord Sonata" and write me explaining how it hangs together and what it is all about. You might also tell me whether Kirkpatrick plays it well or not; I only know that all the notes are plainly, and, on the whole, pleasantly, audible.

The iconoclasm of Ives is counterbalanced in the current record list by the forward-moving traditionalism of David Diamond, an American composer half his age. Diamond is a serious craftsman who refuses to be stampeded by the notion of novelty for its own sake and yet is able to call upon any up-to-date harmonies and rhythms that suit his purpose. Having spent fifteen years discovering that it is natural for him to write music, he is now beginning to reach his goal. His "Music for Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet," played by Harry K. Scherman and the Little Orchestra Society in their first release (Columbia MM-751, $4.75), is a remarkably unforced piece of music, combining rhythms that are full of kinetic energy with melodies that are heartfelt and unaffected. The closing evocation of Juliet's death scene, while perhaps a trifle overlong, is as adult an expression of sentiment as you will find in recent American music.

The list of Stravinsky recordings continues to grow at approximately the rate of one a month. The latest, with the composer conducting the RCA Victor Chamber Orchestra, is the "Danses Concertantes," which was originally written for George Balanchine's choreography (RCA Victor DM-1234, $4.75). The music is objective and matter-of-fact, full of off-color digs at conventional ballet music, piquantly orchestrated, and driven by enough rhythmic energy for any ten ordinary works. The recording is superfine, and the orchestra plays brilliantly.

CECIL SMITH

## MOVIES: Olivier's "Hamlet"

THE CRITICAL APPROACH that attempts to divorce content from execution—to say that while the story is moving, the writing is vulgar; that though the composition is hackneyed, the brushwork is intriguing—assumes that good artists can be poor craftsmen, that inferior creative insights can be excellently expressed. This is so rarely the case that on being confronted with one of these distinctions you can with confidence anticipate a miscarriage of judgment. Nevertheless, something of the sort must be attempted in the case of Laurence Olivier's "Hamlet." The film he has made is an astonishing, and I expect a most influential, adventure in movie technique, regardless of its merits as an interpretation of the play.

It is difficult to define the physical effect of this "Hamlet," but perhaps the best way is to say that it is overwhelmingly visual; it assaults your eyes. I do not mean just that it is beautiful or striking, though it is of course both; it pours out images and impressions with a prodigal richness that you would suppose exceeded your capacity to assimilate.

Olivier has produced a tactile intensity that recalls Aldous Huxley's bear rug; he hurls perspective at you like a banner; his film sweeps and plunges and hovers. Partly his effects are achieved by the use of deep-focus photography which penetrates with icy clarity into the most distant reaches of his scenes, partly by the use of sets that are at once unreal and superbly tangible, partly by directing himself and his company in a flowing rhythm of action. He has freed himself not only of the physical but of the mental

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limitations of the stage, and works and thinks completely through the camera.

**But for all** its beguilements, this seduction by photography was undertaken for the purpose of interpreting "Hamlet," and once we become accustomed to the exhilaration, it is to "Hamlet" that we must return. Olivier has set down in a brief essay (published with those of his colleagues in the venture by the Saturn Press, London) the principles that guided his treatment of the play. After "Henry V," he says, "Hamlet" "seemed the obvious choice" for a second Shakespeare film. It was necessary, though, to "simplify" the play, and he asks us to regard what he has done "as an 'Essay on Hamlet' and not as a film version of a necessarily abridged classic."

"Hamlet" is almost always "obvious" when Shakespeare's plays are being discussed, but that doesn't mean that it is the best for a given purpose, as Olivier admits when he talks of simplifying it. It wasn't only a matter of playing time that troubled him; that what he has done goes far beyond cutting he recognizes in his modest disclaimer. I'm not sure what he means by an "essay" in this context, for surely what he has given us is a version—and a very powerful version—of the play. I suspect him of planting alibis against the cry that violence has been done.

Perhaps I approach "Hamlet" too solemnly; it is no longer good dogma to call it the supreme play or even the best of Shakespeare's tragedies. One thing is certain: "Hamlet" is still preëminently the work of art in our culture with which each individual must come to terms. It is not necessary, nor probably even possible, to prove what Shakespeare meant to convey, but we do have to work out a solution (over a lifetime, very likely a hierarchy of solutions) that satisfies us personally. It is the play's particular glory that it gives us this work to do, and I am afraid that Olivier's simplification would relieve us of the effort.

The interpretation he places on the character of Hamlet is evident from the fact that he lifts out of context and uses as a prologue the speech about the corrupting influence of a single defect, the "vicious hole in nature"; and by the fact that he announces the play as the story of a man who couldn't make up his mind. I don't wish to quarrel with this not uncommon interpretation, but I object to the attempt to limit me to it. The impulse to clarity is persuasive, particularly to an actor as rational as Olivier, but the effort to make "Hamlet" clear implies sacrifices I don't want to see made.

If in this sense, however, Olivier's "Hamlet" offers too little, in another it provides too much. By volume of sound, by extravagances of lighting and spectacle, by the violence often of its visual impacts, it supplies not only the stimulus but the emotional response as well. To come to grips with "Hamlet" at all you must participate in it; Olivier bombards you into passivity.

**Olivier reads** his part beautifully. For some tastes, he reads it too beautifully, with a kind of relish in rhetoric; but it is good to have the lines spoken so precisely and with such understanding. As a performer, he dislocates the role by continually changing the key. At one moment he is a rich college boy at home on holiday and gently patronizing of his companions; at the next he is Prometheus and makes the heavens ring. Certainly, Hamlet is a man of moods, but by both underplaying and overplaying as the opportunity presents, Olivier seems to direct attention toward himself and away from the part. His essay, by the way, contains the perplexing information that he dyed his hair blond so that the audience would not say, "There is Laurence Olivier dressed like Hamlet," but rather, "That is Hamlet." The audience around me seemed to be saying, "There's Olivier with his hair turned white."

I cannot here undertake an appraisal in detail of the supporting cast, for they all have earned more than passing adjectives. As a generalization, they build their roles with a thoughtfulness


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and an appreciation of incident that provide an environment for Hamlet more full-bodied than I have ever seen before. The play suffers when it is visualized in the terms of a "great role" and Olivier's direction of a talented cast holds the relationship of personalities in most effective balance.

It is also almost hopeless to begin a recitation of striking details in the handling of text and action. Every line, every gesture of "Hamlet" has been weighed for generations and each man is his own director and actor. The decision to throw Rosencrantz, Guildenstern and Fortinbras out of the play completely seems to me both unnecessary and unwise, part again of Olivier's desire to keep everything shipshape. The relationship between Hamlet and his mother is underlined with such a strong Viennese hand that it becomes almost overtly incestuous; the relationship with Ophelia becomes that of a lover retaliating against the rejection of his love.

The delivery of the soliloquies from the sound track but not from Olivier's mouth; the creation of new scenes (notably the death of Ophelia); the projection of the action into a vast space that mitigates the play's fever; Hamlet's eavesdropping on the conspiracy of the arras; the play given as dumb show; the appearance of a very palpable ghost out of Doré (with Olivier's voice mechanically distorted); and so on scene by scene; present individual challenges to private judgments. The one point on which I feel like being arbitrary is Olivier's curious habit of omitting very familiar single lines. I can see no reason for it and the effect is a good deal like having a chair pulled out from under you. It may be that he feels these lines dominate too much by their currency; they are even more assertive in their absence.

But picking flaws minimizes the picture improperly. It is a strong and serious and invigorating creation; it has the virtue of challenging your conceptions, throwing them into new perspectives, and making you discover them again. Assuming, of course, that you have already created your own version of the play. If you have not, Olivier will almost certainly persuade you to accept his, and the gift will look much richer than it is.

ROBERT HATCH

# RADIO

## On the Networks

BOB HOPE, who has appeared most recently as a spokesman for clean teeth, is back on the air with the broader platform of daintiness from top to toe. The Pepsodent people are off peddling their irium elsewhere and Hope is the new Lohengrin for Swan Soap. He is to be heard Tuesdays on NBC at nine, with a new show (including the singers Doris Day and Bill Farrell) and with a new comic style.

He no longer fires gags as though his life, reputation and Hooperating depended on his popping corn with the speed and volume of an automatic roasting machine. He takes his time now, lets the quips grow before your eyes. There need not be so many gags per minute as before (Hope has cut his writing stable to a mere six from last year's nine or more), but they have to be consistently better. It takes courage for an old trouper to make public, if tacit, admission that his routine is wearing thin, and I salute the new Hope.

**CBS is** still determined to be funny. "Our Miss Brooks," which I heard in its audition stage last summer, has now been unveiled on the Sunday 10 p. m. spot. The piece had its weaknesses in the trial heat, and these have been carefully pointed up now that the run is official. "Miss Brooks" is supposed to be a high-school teacher. Her subject is English; her ambition is to become head of the department; her real interest is in snapping up the biology instructor. But the network programmers lost their nerve when they realized that the schoolmarm is a role with which few women listeners can find self-identification. So they hoked up

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the script, and on the debut the lady in the title has become any presentable woman with a living to make and a man in her life.

The figure is human enough, but it's also hackneyed, even though Eve Arden is as good in the real show as she was in the preview.

**Just a year ago,** some NBC executives were burned up because I ignored the network's publicity-stunt announcement that no mystery shows, whodunits or other bloodletting would be permitted on the nighttime air before 9:30. This admirable solicitude for the undisturbed slumber of the nation's youth fitted in happily with the fact that, in any case, the network had only one major crime show on its pre-9:30 schedule. Now, however, NBC has come through with a rule that really means business.

Beginning January 1, a new code of NBC practices will hit hard at those giveaway, swag-bag programs that plug scores of brand names in exchange for the generosity that impels the manufacturer or distributor to donate his refrigerator, dining-room suite or set of false teeth as a prize. Under the 1949 rule, each mention of a product by brand name will be counted as a commercial, and the time will be subtracted from the total advertising-time budget for the entire program. The swag-bag sponsor will thus face a dilemma: He will have to pay for the loot he wishes to shower on his audience, or he will have less time to sell his own goods. Who said radio is too lazy to grow up?

**The Radio Writers' Guild** is talking strike again, this time against the advertising agencies which have stalled contract negotiations successfully for several years. Against the Guild's demands for minimum basic rates and union recognition, the men who know how to order clear, precise, neat slogans for their clients presented the RWG with a definition from which this is an excerpt:

Any agreement shall cover only . . . free-lance writers (as distinct from writers on staff) who are employees of the company while engaged in employee activities (as distinct from independent contractors) and are employed to render personal writing services in the preparation of "material" (as hereafter to be defined) . . . including but without limiting the meaning of the term "employee" as used above, any such employee-writer as to whom the company by contract shall have the right to direct . . . modifications or changes in material. . . .

The parentheses, and more, are in the original. By way of refreshing contrast, here is a sentence from *Radio Daily* that is clear enough: "A group of top radio advertisers in a secret confab recently agreed to boycott the services of writers, producers, *et al.*, who are Communist-minded."

All mind readers, swamis and crystal gazers will please report to the front office.

SAUL CARSON

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of The New Republic, published weekly at New York, N. Y. for October 1st, 1948.

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss.
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Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Daniel Mebane, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The New Republic and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

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DANIEL MEBANE,
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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of September, 1948.

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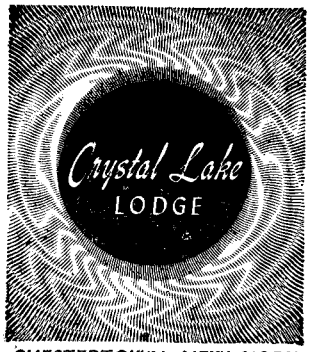


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